

Zion's Herald

VOLUME LX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1883.

NUMBER 48.

Zion's Herald,

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
locality.

Price to all ministers, \$1.50 per year. All
other subscribers, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

A NOVEMBER MOOD.

BY META E. D. THORNE.

The joyous Spring and the regal Summer,
And even the harvest with bounteous cheer,
Have gone so soon, and a sad, late comer
Bearth the train of the hastening year.
I hear the sad-voiced Autumn calling
The last lone songsters in yonder wood,
Where fast and faster the leaves are falling;
And I list in a dreamy, doleful mood.

For oh, my soul, thy leaves are falling—
Golden days into time's dark stream;
They are fled away beyond recalling,
And are lost in the dim shadows' gleam.
Hast thou garnered rich fruits in the bygone
hours,
To silence and cheer the long winter eves?
Or hast but a cluster of faded flowers,
Bound with a chaplet of withered leaves?

NOTES ON BACTERIA.

BY PROF. C. H. FERNALD.

There is scarcely anything which
attracts the attention of naturalists
and physicians just at this present
time more than the effects of a group
of plants called *Bacteria*. Observers
in different countries are investigat-
ing these extremely minute forms of
life, and cultivating them under a va-
riety of conditions, to ascertain their
life history and effects upon the sub-
stances in which they grow. It is
probable that all decomposition, most
fermentations, all contagious diseases,
both of man and lower animals, as
well as various other diseases like
consumption, etc., are due to the
presence and growth of some one or
another of these extremely minute
forms of creation. I have recently
had occasion to examine some of
these *Bacteria* under a high power of
the microscope, and a few of the re-
sults may possibly be of interest to
your readers.

Bacterium termo is the name given
to that one which causes putrefaction
of fresh meat in summer weather.
This plant is a cylindrical, rod-like
body, bluntly pointed, and has a
thread-like organ at each end, which
lashes around in the water or liquid,
causing the plant to move with great-
er or less rapidity. It is about one
ten-thousandth of an inch long and
nearly one-third as much in diamet-
er. If we cut off a piece of com-
mon lead pencil an inch long, and
sharpen the ends of it rather bluntly,
attaching a fine thread about an inch
long to each end, we shall have a
very fair model of *Bacterium termo*,
but ten thousand times larger than
the plant itself.

To obtain a better comprehension
of the minuteness of this plant, we
can make a statement in proportion
as follows: As one ten-thousandth
of an inch is to one inch, so is one
inch to ten thousand inches or eight
hundred and thirty-three and one-
third feet; or the plant in question is
as much smaller than our model—
the pencil an inch long—as that is
smaller than a block of buildings
eight hundred and thirty-three and
one-third feet long by over two hun-
dred and seventy-five feet high and
wide.

These plants, which were thought
to be animals for a long time, be-
cause they move about so freely in
the water, increase their numbers
very rapidly by breaking up. There
is at first a slight constriction around
the middle, which continues until the
plant is nearly divided, when the two
parts gradually separate, drawing out
a fine thread which presently breaks
in the middle, and we have two
plants like the original in form, which
quickly grow to the adult size, when
each divides as before.

It has been ascertained that these
plants reach their maturity and divide
in about one hour, if under favorable
conditions of temperature and in
moisture containing an abundance of
their food, so that in one hour from
the first division the new plants di-
vide into four, and in another hour

these give rise to eight, and so on as
long as the favorable conditions exist.
The above data suggest a problem
in geometrical progression in which
one is the first term, two the com-
mon ratio, and any given number of
hours we may take the number of
terms, and from this we can find the
sum of the series which will repre-
sent the number of plants which
would arise from a single one in the
given time. From computations of
this kind it may be shown that one
plant in twenty-four hours could give
rise to nearly seventeen millions, and
at the end of three days to the incred-
ible number of forty-seven trillions.

The size of *Bacterium termo* has
been measured again and again by
microscopists both in this country
and in Europe, and all agree in giv-
ing its size as mentioned above. Now
it would take of these minute objects
about nine trillions to fill the space of
a cubic inch. The entire surface of
the earth is estimated at something
over one hundred and ninety-six
million square miles. Suppose the
ocean to occupy three-fourths of this,
and to have an average depth of one
mile, we should have a little over one
hundred and forty-seven million cubic
miles; and if this water afforded
suitable conditions for growth and
development, and continued to do so
to the end, a single *Bacterium termo*,
if dropped into it, would grow and
multiply so rapidly that in five days'
time their number would be sufficient
to fill all the oceans of the globe as
closely packed as sardines in a box.

Of course no such results follow
when beef-tea, soups, or other such
substances are left to the *Bacteria*;
yet they begin and continue for a time
at this rate, but after awhile they ex-
haust the soil, as it were, and, set-
tling to the bottom, pass into a quiet
state, ready to start into activity
again should they be transferred to
suitable fluids. If, however, the ex-
hausted fluids in which they have ex-
erted their growing energies are al-
lowed to evaporate, they remain as
an extremely fine powder which would
be taken up like dust by the slightest
breath of wind and wafted about till
they fall here and there like other mi-
nute floating particles.

The air is, at all times, more or
less laden with these germs of putre-
faction, fermentation and disease, so
that it is not at all surprising that
many persons think these conditions
are induced spontaneously.

Bacterium termo, like other plants,
requires certain conditions, without
which it will not grow and multiply.
These are a proper temperature and
moisture with suitable food in it.
When fresh beef is exposed to the air
in summer weather, of course the
floating particles fall upon it, and in
the moisture and juices of the meat
Bacterium termo grows and multi-
plies, causing those peculiar changes
of putrefaction, and the liberation of
foul gases with which all are famil-
iar. As this plant will not grow at
temperatures near the freezing point,
we put our meat on ice, not to kill the
Bacteria, but to keep them from
growing.

State College, Orono, Me.

"TAG, RAG AND BOBTAIL."

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY ELKANOR KIRK.

"I haven't a single thing to be
thankful for, Ezra, and what under
the sun is the use of your forever
and eternally talking to me about my
mercies?"

The woman's voice trembled with
the tears she was ashamed to have
seen, and the slim, weak hands that
were at that moment engaged in
transferring a pumpkin pie to the
oven, shook so, that some of the con-
tents spilled over, and so added
"fuel to the fire," practically as well
as metaphorically.

"I don't see when I'm a settin'
round here, why you don't let me
do such jobs as them," Ezra Barnard
remarked, as he brought the floor
cloth and shovel. "You do get so
worked up about nothin', Malviny,"
he added, as the feeble hands wrest-
led with the smoking, spluttering
mixture. "Mercy me, a body might
as well take it a little easy!"

"Some folks know how to take
things easy," the woman replied,
"and they are the ones that make
it so hard for other folks. It was

easy for you to write to 'tag, rag
and bobtail' to spend Thanksgiving
here, but it isn't easy for me to get
ready for 'em. I would have been
satisfied with a crust of bread and a
glass of cold water for my Thanks-
giving dinner."

"Why, Malviny, if you'd 'a told
me how you felt, I'd never asked
'em, but you don't say nothin' till the
mischief's all done. Why hadn't you
said something?"

"Said something?" Mrs. Barnard
replied with fine scorn. "I should
think a man might once in awhile
see a thing without being told. You
knew I wasn't able to drag one foot
after the other—but what difference
does that make? The first thing I
know a letter comes saying that
'tag, rag and bobtail' will be happy
to accept your invitation to spend
Thanksgiving, and that's my first
acquaintance with the business."

"I guess if the dominie and his
wife should hear the name you've
picked out for 'em, they'd be apt to
make some other calculations," Mr.
Barnard replied, trying in vain to
stifle a laugh. "I should, if I was
them."

Mrs. Barnard was beating eggs for
pound cake now. Notwithstanding
the fact that her strength was entire-
ly inadequate to the concoction of
these elaborate articles of cookery,
no argument would induce her to
omit any of the usual preparations.

"As I remember Hampton," Mr.
Barnard went on, "he was never no
hand for flummery. He alters
picked out the driest pieces of bread,
and as for pound cake and mince
pies—when! he'd as soon cram
poison into his stomach."

"He'll have to eat what I give
him, if he comes here," Mrs. Bar-
nard responded, "but I shall never
know, Ezra, what possessed you to
invite 'em, when you knew how mis-
erable I was."

"The old Harry does seem to get
into me sometimes—I vum if he
don't," the husband replied, in a tone
of unwonted perplexity. "I guess I
thought maybe Hampton and his wife
would chirk you up a bit."

"The idea of a minister's ever chirk-
ing anybody up," said Mrs. Barnard.
"I should as soon think of going to
a funeral for amusement."

Mr. Barnard sighed, and Mrs.
Barnard rattled the egg-beater until
two objects were accomplished: The
eggs were stiff enough to stand alone,
and the woman's arm was almost
paralyzed. Poor, helpless, good-
natured Mr. Barnard would have
been glad to have assisted his wife
in all these matters, but she had a
prejudice against "Mr. Betties" and
"Mr. Hen Hussies," as she was
prone to designate the men who
helped their wives in the kitchen.

After this Mrs. Barnard fell to
creaming the butter and sugar, oc-
casionally giving the egg-beater a
turn to prevent the whites from re-
solving into their native condition.

In this way, heart, head and hands
were kept occupied until the night
before Thanksgiving, when her
guests arrived. Ralph Hampton was
a healthy, hearty, happy specimen
of the genus minister, strong, mag-
netic, and devoted to his profession.
During his student days Mr. Barnard
had been very kind to him, and he
felt under some obligations to accept
the invitation so cordially extended.

His own people wanted and needed
him, but as he had had no summer
vacation, he thought best to absent
himself for a few days at this time.
One glance at the pale, worried face
of the hostess told a plain story to
this intuitive husband and wife, but
nothing could be done at this time of
night but to make the best of things.
After tea Mrs. Hampton went into
the kitchen and found an apron, and
without a word began to pack up the
dishes. Mrs. Barnard protested
with all the vigor she could bring to
bear upon the occasion.

"It is not the slightest use to say
anything," the minister remarked
laughingly; "Charlotte always has
her own way."

"It will be real jolly for me to
help you, Mrs. Barnard," the lady re-
sponded; "and unless you will con-
sent to allow me this privilege, we
must find another place, late as it
is."

"Your hands look like helping,"
said Mrs. Barnard, with an unusual
smile upon her face.

"There is very little that those
hands cannot do," the minister re-
plied; "and, Mrs. Barnard, I can
make as good a johnny-cake as you
ever put into your mouth, and, if
anything, I can beat my wife washing
dishes. Not long ago our servant
left us when Charlotte was ill, and I
took care of her and did all the cook-
ing and cleaning up besides for almost
a week."

"How did your sermon come
out?" Mrs. Barnard looked brighter
than she had for a long time.

"The sermon was better than usu-
al. At least, that is what my parish-
ioners said. There is nothing like
practical experience for sermons, as
well as for everything else."

"Unless one has too much of it,"
said his wife, "as I am sure Mrs.
Barnard has."

"Very true," said the minister,
seriously. "Why, Mrs. Barnard," he
added, "we wouldn't have intruded
ourselves upon you for anything if
we had known how weak and ill you
were."

In the meantime Mrs. Hampton
busied herself with the china, and the
tired woman grew rested and
soothed in spite of herself.

The next morning when Mrs. Bar-
nard came downstairs to prepare the
breakfast, a strange sight met her as-
tonished eyes. Her husband had
arisen a little earlier than usual and
lighted the fire. This was burning
brightly—just as a Thanksgiving
fire should burn—the tea-kettle was
singing its jolliest tune, the table was
beautifully spread, Mrs. Hampton
was grinding the coffee, and the min-
ister, enveloped in a long checked
apron, was concocting his favorite
johnny-cake, while the good-natured,
kind-hearted, careless and thoughtless
man of the house leaned back in his
chair and laughed till the tears ran
down his face.

Mrs. Barnard took in the scene and
joined her husband.

"Help us to some understanding
of our physical as well as our spiri-
tual needs," the minister prayed that
morning. "Help us to the attain-
ment of common-sense in the man-
agement of our bodies and our affairs.
Let us not be weary in well-doing,
but let us not waste our strength and
precious time for that which is only
fleeting and temporal."

"I think you were praying for
me, Mr. Hampton," Mrs. Barnard
told the minister when the morning
meal was over.

"I am glad you recognized your-
self," was the frank response. "I
think you need a great deal of pray-
ing for, and more talking to. I con-
sider you entirely responsible for your
ill-health."

"Why, Mr. Hampton!"

"Yes, you spend your time, your
nerve force, your physical strength,
in cooking things which no one ought
ever to eat. That's one thing you do,
but there are a great many more
equally wicked."

"Wicked?"

This was a revelation, but Mrs.
Barnard knew that it was the truth,
and accepted it.

Many talks followed this one, which
were of infinite service to this weary
woman, and the result of this
Thanksgiving visit was a new birth
of common-sense, a rare dawning of
faith, and philosophy, and improved
health.

Mrs. Barnard needed a mission-
ary.

"Well, I vum, I for one am glad
that 'tag, rag and bobtail' came here
Thanksgiving," Mr. Barnard re-
marked some weeks later.

"That will do, Ezra," said the
lady with heightened color. "I never
want to hear that again."

NEW YORK LETTER.

The uncertainties of steam navigation
late in the season occasioned the choice
of a land route to the southward. Tak-
ing the Chicago steamer "City of
Duluth" to Mackinac, we passed for a
couple of hours at Detroit to take in a
supply of coal. The detention was uti-
lized by rambling in the woods, inspec-
tion of the saw-mills, and inquiries into
the condition of the settlers. These
last are chiefly of Canadian nationality.
They prefer to settle on American pub-
lic lands, under the Homestead Act,
to settling on those of their own country,
for which they are required to pay fifty
cents per acre. The more liberal policy
of the U. S. Government thus attracts a
class of the harder and more desirable

emigrants. In 1870 Michigan contained
89,500 inhabitants who were natives of
British America. This number has
since been largely increased. They read-
ily take the oath of allegiance to the
United States. In religious preference
they are mainly Methodist. The Con-
gregationalists, whose zeal for their spe-
cial form of church polity seems to in-
crease in proportion to its non-success,
in vain try to win them. They will not
dispense with the simplicity, variety,
and fervor of the ministry under which
they have been trained.

MACKINAC.

At Mackinac—for this is the post-
office designation of Mackinac Island—we
disembark, and scurry around the
dock to catch the ferry-boat "Algoma"
for Mackinac City, at the head of
the lower peninsula. In vain the
effort. The good-natured captain
is behind time—must traverse the
six miles or more between the island
and Mackinac City in order to catch the
evening trains—cannot linger another
moment. His boat moves off, and
leaves us disconsolate on the dock.
The wharf-rats—of French descent
principally—enjoy our chagrin, and
recommend a tug boat. The tug-boat
captain is a very leisurely individ-
ual; will take us for twenty dollars—
doubtful catching the train. We decide to
stay all night—can't help ourselves;
we find a comfortable hostelry, and are
annoyed for hours by the brainless pro-
ficiency and foolery of sundry drunken
loafers under the windows, who make
night hideous by their noise. Mackinac
is memorable for its swearing. Some of
the inhabitants clothe themselves with
cursing. The peculiar forms of blas-
phemy that are only met with in Roman
Catholic communities are rife. Whether
the presence of the garrison has any-
thing to do with it, we doubt. The
morale of the regular soldiers has great-
ly improved within the past twenty-five
years. The contemptuous effrontery with
which the worst classes of swearers
treat the name of our Lord may delight
the heart of Robert Ingersoll, but is
painfully shocking to all who have any
just appreciation of His character and
claims.

Mackinac is a beautiful island, nine
miles in diameter, has many natural ob-
jects of rare interest, possesses a pic-
turesque fort and a garrison of seventy-
five soldiers, has two churches—Roman
Catholic and Episcopal—and needs a
Methodist episcopate. "Every
prospect pleases"—and some human
critics are very vile. Is this prob-
ably a remnant of the conflicts be-
tween French, English, Americans, and
Indians in and around this charming
isle? One sign of the times is the de-
crease of profane swearing. It is not
nearly as common as it was twenty-five
years ago. The Salvation Army, com-
posed of all denominational contin-
gents, ought to bring it to a perpetual
end. The increasing reverence for sa-
cred things, manifested throughout the
country, is a hopeful augury of its fu-
ture prosperity and unity.

Dr. Strickland celebrated the witch-
ing charms and graces of Michill-Mack-
inac in his "Old Mackinac," published
many years ago, and designed to serve
a double purpose—advertisement of
lots for sale, and acquainting the public
with the attractive beauties of the
Straits. Clear as crystal, the water re-
veals the limestone pebbles of its bottom
and the schools of fishes that fearlessly
sport by the shore. What more deli-
cious than a Mackinac trout? Many an
epicure prefers it to the delicate white-
fish. For centuries to come the pulch-
ritude of the upper lakes will supply
itchy food by the million tons. Man
is wasteful and greedy, but the fish is
marvelously prolific.

At Mackinac City—head of the lower
peninsula—we spend the Sabbath.
Last September the Presbyterians ded-
icated the first church erected there,
and as usual, scooped in all the Meth-
odists their net could enclose. The
number was not great. The member-
ship only amounts to seven, and two of
these were absent. Dr. Conkling, pro-
prietary of the soil, is an old Methodist
and an active Christian. Your corre-
spondent occupied the pulpit in the
morning, and Rev. J. H. Petzel filled
it at night. The prospect of churchly
growth and usefulness is good. The
resident Presbyterian minister and his
excellent wife are efficient and useful.
Rev. A. J. Richards, agent of frontier
work in the Detroit Conference, has
decided not to weaken his hands by
the establishment of a Methodist
Church there at present. They have
been two years on the ground, and have
labored hard and well. The growth of
the place must be rapid. Two trunk
railroads—the Michigan Central and
the Grand Rapids and Indiana—have
their peninsular termini there. Boats
convey cars and passengers across the
Straits to St. Ignace, where the cele-
brated Jesuit missionary Marquette is
buried, and where the westward jour-
ney is resumed.

How is it that the Presbyterians,
nineten per cent. of whose churches
are without pastors, can spare so many
men and so much money for purely
missionary work—work, too, that in
many localities is not needed? The
resources of the Church of Christ are
not always administered to the best
advantage.

At Mackinac City we spent a perfect
day of perfect rest—a white-letter day
of thought and enjoyment. Less than
a mile from the commodious depot and
the magnificent dock of the Michigan
Central is the site of old Fort Mack-
inac. In June, 1763, this was a scene
of tragic horror. Pickets enclosed an
area of about two acres, occupied by
the cabins of a few traders and of forty
British officers and soldiers. The war
under Pontiac's generalship had broken
out, but of this the garrison knew noth-
ing. Savages had arrived, as if to
trade and beg presents. On the 2d of
June the strangers and the resident
Chippewas assembled to play ball.
This is the most exciting play of the
red men. "Each one has a bat curved
like a crozier and ending in a racket.
Pos's are planked apart on the open
prairie. At the beginning of the game
the ball is placed midway between the
goals. The eyes of the players flash;
their cheeks glow. A blow is struck;
all crowd with merry yells to renew it,
the feeblest in advance now driving the
ball home, now sending it sideways,
with one unceasing passionate pursuit.
The squaws—Ottawa and Chippewa—
have entered the fort, and remain there.
Mischief is in the air, but Etherington,
the commander, perceives it not. He
and one of his lieutenants stand outside
the gate, fearing nothing. The Indians
have been playing from morning till
noon, when, throwing the ball close to
the gate, they come up behind the of-
ficers, and treacherously seize and carry
them off into the woods. Others rush
into the fort, snatch their hatchets from
the squaws who have kept them hidden
under their blankets, and instantly kill
an officer, a trader, and fifteen men.
The rest of the soldiers and the English
traders are made prisoners and robbed
of all they have; but the French trad-
ers are unharmed. Did they know of
the intended surprise?

Thus fell the old post of Mackinac on
the main. One of the survivors lived to
begin the development of the won-
derful iron and copper mines on the
northern shore of the upper peninsula.
Did any German officer find an untimely
end in that remote spot of the British
empire? The hotel clerk stated that
he had found a coin of Richard III
there, and produced it for inspection—
a formidable coin, one inch and seven-
eighths in diameter, formerly plated with
gold, of which remnants adhere to the
copper. The obverse bears the inscrip-
tion: FREDER. MAG. D.G. PROVS.
ET BRAND. DUX SILES. ETC., sur-
rounding an armed figure in bas relief.
The reverse has the legend, "En-
ta et virtute," surmounting the figure
of an angel, hovering over a kneeling
woman on the left, and a soldier with
three banners and a spear in his hand,
on the right. A cannon rests under the
group. Underneath is the inscription:
AVSTIR. EXERC. PROPE PRAG.
EVIDENT. It would seem to be a
medal struck by Frederick the Great in
memory of his victory at the battle of
Prague. What valiant recipient (if
any) of this token ended his career in
the woods of Michill-Mackinac?

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
The soldier prefers a Westminster Ab-
bey to the low, wooded shore of Mich-
igan for the final rest of his weary
body. Half a score of men were turning
over the debris, and had found buttons,
knives, beads, hoops, lake tobacco
pipes, or parts of such instruments, and
intended to carry them off as relics.

From past to present! The transit
is most pleasing. Once more on board
the "fire-wagon" (Indian), we start for
the south. Woods, woods, woods!
White pine, Norway pine, hemlock,
tamarack, spruce, balsam, fir, cedar,
poplar, maple, oak, chestnut, beech,
birch, for one hundred and fifty miles.
Cedars cut into poles for hop vines,
posts for wire fences; steaming retorts
converting hard woods into wood acid
and wood alcohol; steam saw-mills
cutting up lumber at the rate of five
billion feet every year; piles of saw-
dust, stabs, and refuse lumber encum-
bering the ground, feeding the furnaces
which generate motor power, and heat-
ing the evaporating pans in which the
Michigananders manufacture matchless
salt, line the iron pathway to Saginaw
City. For twelve miles—from West
Bay City to Saginaw City—the country
is one vast lumber pile. Material enough
is gotten out of the Michigan forests to
build houses for five million people an-
nually. Barrel-heads, staves, chair
and table legs, etc., piles on piles, salute
the wondering eye.

And as to salt—Michigan is the salt-
iest State on the continent. "Michigan
and its Resources," kindly presented by
Judge J. H. Steere, of the Supreme
Court, states that in 1880 the value of
Michigan salt product was \$2,271,913
—more than twice that of New York.
The average strength of the brine is
91.4. It is pumped up from an aver-
age depth of 900 feet from an old sea-
coast rock of sandstones and shales, ten
to twelve hundred feet in thickness. It
yields 98 per cent. of first quality salt fit
for dairy and family use; two per cent.
of second quality for salting stock and
hides, and for fertilizers and for the ex-
traction of the bromine of pharmacy
and the arts. Underground pipe lines
carry it from the salt wells of East
Tawas to the lumber mills of Osceola,
where about one thousand barrels of
salt may be manufactured daily. Price

about 85 cents per barrel—very cheap.
Michigan's southern tier of counties
—four deep—is one of the finest ag-
ricultural regions on earth. It sent out
splendid cavalry during the war for the
preservation of the Union. Many of
the descendants of Cromwell's Iron-
sides and Fairfax's Redcoats are there.

Michigan is mainly peopled by the old
Puritan stock. In 1880 it had 1,248,-
429 citizens of native, and 388,508 of
foreign birth. Many of the latter are
British Americans. In 1870 it had 916,-
049 inhabitants of native, and 268,010
of foreign birth. New York has con-
tributed about 300,000 to the native,
and Great Britain about 50,000 to the
foreign-born population. The Irish are
less numerous than the Germans, and
the "cullud brudder" is conspicuous
by his absence. When present, he is a
man, as much as native or foreign citi-
zen, and rightfully enjoys all the rights
and privileges of a free, independent,
and one in a while, obstreperous
American sovereign. Farewell, Mich-
igan—forest-crowned, lake-encircled,
enterprising, prosperous, sensible Mich-
igan! May the Michigan and Detroit
Conferences and other bodies ecclesiast-
ical, win thee and hold thee to Christ
forever!
R. WHEATLEY.

Card From Bishop Warren.

To my true Yoke-fellows for Ministerial
Education: Fifteen months ago I began
to ask individuals, and occasionally a
congregation, to unite together to build
a training school for the ministers of
our 2,000,000 of hearers in the South.
The building was to cost about \$24,000
and be endowed with \$20,000. One
partner took for his end of the yoke the
\$20,000 endowment, and \$7,000 toward
the building, leaving the people I am
now addressing to carry the end of the
yoke representing \$17,000.

I am able to report that the building,
112x55 feet, four stories high, built of
brick and elegantly trimmed with cut
stone, is done and occupied. Dean Thir-
field and his excellent wife, daughter of
Gilbert Haven, are already at work. Its
endowment has been paid and every dol-
lar of claim against it canceled. *Laus
Deo!* It stands as a work of faith, a la-
bor of love, and a monument of some
toll and sacrifice.

During the progress of this work, I
have felt constrained to help our school
at Morristown, Tenn., \$1,050, our col-
lege at Athens, Tenn., \$500, and

Miscellaneous.

METHODS OF CONQUERING UNBELIEF—A CONTRAST.

BY PROF. GEO. H. STONE.

[Continued.]

In the article which has called forth Dr. Tefft's criticism, when speaking of Saint Paul, my words were these: "In all probability he could have shown that the philosophers were in serious error as to physics, biology and psychology. By exposing their scientific errors he would have made them ridiculous and discredited them with the masses, while his brethren would naturally read the skies with their shouts of victory over the defeat of the unbelievers, and would spend their time in discussing the true Christian theory of acoustics, the real or essential nature of the soul, etc." Now I do not see how any one can fail to see that these words were intended to describe just such an iconoclastic work as Mr. Hall has undertaken. Here lay open before the apostle the same fascinating prospect of the immense benefits to arise if, when the haughty savants attacked his religion, he should be able to carry the war into Africa by attacking their science. Here was delineated the same exhilaration of the brethren over the fact that the Christian champion is able to take the opposing scientists down a peg or two in a purely scientific matter; also the same distracting effect upon the victims of a specious tangle of things which Jesus and the apostles kept distinct. That the fishermen should not have troubled their heads about the oppositions to their faith in the name of science, is not to be wondered at; but it is indeed worthy of special note that Saint Paul, so highly educated, so well fitted to the work of combating these errors in their own ground, especially if he should have devoted years to special studies of their scientific theories, should have curbed his mighty spirit when he saw such a prospect before him, and when he must have been thrilled through and through with

"The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

On the one hand, there was the doughty Christian champion, advancing by swift strides into the arena of science and warring the proud foes of his religion; on the other, only the preaching of the Nazarene! In a word, as I pointed out, the Apostle had an excellent opportunity to vanquish those who were opposing Christianity in the name of the science of that day by the same method pursued by Mr. Hall to-day, and he repudiated the method—not even employing it as a subsidiary aid—and chose another. Evidently one or the other is mistaken as to the best method.

Dr. Tefft thinks I ought more highly to appreciate the "iconoclastic" work of Dr. Hall, i. e., his destruction of certain purely scientific theories of anti-Christian scientists. Now, so far as the book in question may contribute to the answer of scientific questions, I shall value it as a book of science and from the scientific standpoint, but in estimating the book from the Christian standpoint, I am placed in an embarrassing situation. Here on the one side is Dr. Tefft extolling the iconoclastic methods of Mr. Hall, and on the other side I am confronted by the fact that this is the very kind of work which I was showing that Paul could have done if he had tried, but repudiated, and confined himself to preaching Christ and Him crucified. Alas! here I am in this trouble with our good Doctor Tefft, just because I followed the estimate of the Apostle Paul, who, when confronted by oppositions of science falsely so-called, as we are to-day, chose regenerative rather than iconoclastic work.

Dr. Tefft also thinks that my article showed a "total misapprehension of the present relations of Christianity, of our divine religion, to the real conditions of existing scientific thought." And that, too, when I had not attempted to lay down a system of my own, but had merely been trying to deduce the best method of conquering unbelief by studying the methods of the founders of Christianity. The reader will make his own inferences. Perhaps among them will be this: that Saint Paul, in consequence of a total misapprehension of the relations of Christianity to the then existing conditions of scientific thought, failed to see how easily he could parry the attacks then made on Christianity in the name of scientific theories by descending into the scientific arena and refuting the theories, but on the contrary confined his preaching to the facts and spiritual truths of Christianity; whereas the school to which Mr. Hall belongs think they can parry

the attacks made in the name of purely scientific theories by destroying the theories, thereby being bound to make chase after every scientific Parthian who appears as a belligerent anywhere in the vast, boundless fields of science, only to find him, nomad-like, constantly shifting his ground; or, if at last they bring him to bay, it is with the probability that his stronghold, like that of Copernicus, will prove to be impregnable. Again I ask, if unbelief can be overcome by the easy method of destroying the theories which it uses against Christianity, why ought not Jesus to have at once swept away all these instruments of unbelief, by revealing the true laws of nature? If any one says that to the atheist or other errorist even true theories of natural science seem to be more in accord with his own scheme of the universe than with the Christian scheme, and that he will urge true theories against Christianity just as vehemently as he will urge false ones, then I beg to add: There are many reasons which cause the choice of methods made by Jesus and the apostles to appear to me as a proof of their far-seeing and inspired wisdom, but I have not been trying to prove their methods right. I simply accepted them. I left the matter just where Saint Paul did. It must be that it was Saint Paul's "total misapprehension" which cropped out in that article!

As to the wish of my brother that I may yet become a Christian champion in his sense of the words, I hardly know what to say, not being sure what that is. In my former article I wrote: "Who is the mightiest Christian champion? He who lives most like Christ." It will be proper to add that when the title "Christian Champions" was chosen for my former article, it was after reading some of those extraordinary encomiums of the book under discussion, and I had come to have an ideal as to what it is to be a Christian champion in a certain modern sense. If to be a Christian champion is to be anything like this—that I am to select out some anti-Christian scientists and pick flaws in their scientific doctrines, thinking thereby to benefit Christianity; that when I begin the attack upon the infidel theories of acoustics, etc., my brethren shall form a circle and shout, "Uphold the Christian champion;" that in consequence of all this noise I secure an immense amount of advertising and a corresponding sale for my publications—if to be a Christian champion means any such confounding of Christianity, science and advertising, then I beg to say: If ever I have controversy as to matters of pure natural science, it will be conducted wholly as a scientific question, and I shall fight my battles alone, and never ask any backing from my brethren; and if I fail, I shall never for a moment imagine that it is in any sense a defeat of Christianity or any of its interests.

Finally, I owe no ill will to Mr. Hall or his admirers. They shall be granted the same right to their opinions that I claim for myself. I can neither approve of the methods nor the manners of the book in question. Having said this much, I hope to discuss it no further.

In the meantime, Doctor, look up my record; also the record of those young men whose Christian faith I may have influenced. You will find that we have never troubled our pastors with any imperative questions. The wave theory of sound may go down or up; Mr. Hall may sweep away the profound mathematical analyses of Young and Fresnel as they prevailed over the arguments of Newton; it may be proved or disproved that in all the ages past God created plants and animals by descent as He is creating them to-day. But in the midst of all these crises (or calamities) we shall joyfully look forward for the certain triumph of the Gospel. We shall not have the blues, and whatever may happen to man-made arguments from design, we believe that the number of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ will grow greater and greater. Nothing can shake our inviolable belief that the words of Jesus are such as could only have come from a divine teacher. Our Christian faith did not originate with any doctrine of natural science, and it will not perish with any. We are just as desirous as you that the Christian faith shall be vindicated from the inferences hostile to it which have been made from ancient and modern science, every one of them false in our belief. But when it comes to the choice of methods, we candidly confess that we prefer the primitive methods to those which well-meaning men have invented later. In the rejection of Jesus and the apostles regarding matters of purely scientific interest, we think we see the ground for the coming reconciliation of Religion and Science, in that day when

each will learn and admit her own limitations, and then will consistently keep on her own side of the line.

SUMMARY.

In this discussion I have assumed that it is possible to discover the best methods of conquering unbelief by a study of the methods of Jesus and the apostles. I am open to be convinced that this assumption was a mistake. Until this is done, I shall continue to prefer the methods of the founders of the Christian religion. The record does not show that those inspired leaders antagonized any purely scientific theory, but they constantly proclaimed moral and spiritual truth as it was in Jesus. This pure spiritual teaching would indeed oppose any atheistic or other anti-Christian inference which any one might make from scientific theories, but neither Jesus nor the apostles ever descended into the arena of science in order to determine what are true and what are false scientific theories. At some future time I may give some reasons for my belief in the wisdom of this reticence, but it will not be at all in connection with the misleading book here reviewed.

In a word, the issue is between the "iconoclastic" and regenerative methods of conquering scientific unbelief; that is, between the method which confronts religious and philosophical error by religious and philosophical truth, and the method which, when scientists attack our religion, will repel the assault by turning around and attacking their science.

Colorado Springs, Col.

A PLEA FOR THE CATECHISM.

BY JOHN M. RUSSELL.

In this age of rationalism and false doctrine so widely disseminated on every hand under the deceptive forms and "isms" that human ingenuity can devise, when, lurking at every corner of his pathway, the youth of our day finds the adversary of his soul pointing with outstretched hand to a "royal road to spiritual success," it becomes absolutely imperative that we direct our attention to the alarming disease of the Catechism, that blessed guide-book of our deep-loving ancestors, and note with deepest anxiety and sorrow the retrograde movement that we have all made in suffering modern methods and systems of instruction to so enlist our attention as to crowd almost this time-honored and ever-to-be-honored book.

In calling attention to the subject at the present time, we are fully aware of the many arguments introduced by its opponents wherever a discussion of its merits have taken place; yet there are multitudes of its earnest defenders who are deeply interested in its practical use, and firm believers in its undoubted utility, who would gladly voice their sentiments should the opportunity offer.

We think it is not assuming too much to affirm that in ninety per cent. of the Sunday-schools of our church the Catechism is not introduced, and the recitation of Scripture selections is equally foreign to the adopted system. Such being the case, it would seem that this fact of itself would be ample to convince the thinking minds of interested workers in the Sunday-school and church as to their proper duty in the matter, and would remove all doubts from the minds of even its most decided opponents as to the advisability of advocating its restoration to public use and favor.

There are, however, many other reasons, especially significant and important, why we should not allow this valued agent in our work to fall into oblivion as a relic of the past unworthy of present consideration, but we can at present only call to attention three of what seem to us the most practical and impressive.

First, the book itself is such a clear, concise statement of Christian doctrine from its "Who made you?" in "Catechism No. 1," to its definition of more advanced theology in "Catechism No. 3," that it has no superior in forming the basis for right action and correct religious belief.

We know it is sometimes argued that in a few instances the answers are long, hard, and beyond the ready comprehension of the average Sunday-school scholar and youthful mind, but is not this rather a reflection upon the teacher than upon the book itself? Has any human mind yet conceived a thought so profound that it could not be concisely and clearly expressed in language that should be understood by all? And so, if words occasionally occur, and answers are sometimes found that at first appear a little hard and blind, is it beyond the capacity of the teacher who thoroughly comprehends, as he ought, the thing he is teaching, to make it clear and comprehensible to those to whom he is teaching it? Neither does this argument have any weight even if conceded to be true, for the same may be used with equal applicability to even the Bible itself, or any other book or method that the objectors upon this ground are wont to advocate.

It is also sometimes claimed that the Catechism is an ancient statement of Christian doctrine, and therefore we must not accept these statements, clear and concise as they are, until they have been dressed in modern style and framed in the phraseology of our day. Can it be that the fundamental principles of our past Christianity are no in harmony with present advanced theology? This argument we suppose to be the same as would be used by the advocates of the introduction of the "Revised Testament," in preference to the old work,

even though the stumbling-blocks in the new are found to be quite as frequent as in the old, and oft-times even more insurmountable.

We direct the telescope of our mental research and investigation up to our zenith (God's Holy Word) and scan the heavens o'er, even to the endless horizon of modern religious literature and Bible comment, oft-times for days and weeks in anxious and frequently fruitless search for the exact object of our investigation, when by merely casting our eye upon this beautiful and attractive planet, we find standing out in unmistakable characters, clear-cut as a diamond and as brilliant as a meteor, the very answer that we need to our interrogative in a clear statement of fact and principle.

A single illustration of this point is sufficient. Take the question, "What is implied in being a perfect Christian, or in being wholly sanctified?" How many volumes have been written upon this single topic in one or more of its varied phases! How many discussions and theological debates have occupied the mind and attention of men! And yet, turning to our Catechism, we find the answer stated in terms which the most skeptical cannot gainsay, or the dull child fail to understand: "Loving God with all our heart and soul, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves." Is there any danger of overestimating the value of these ready answers, instilled into the mind of the child, and ever ready upon the spur of the moment, like the little pebble in David's sling, to slay the mighty Goliath of infidelity, skepticism and unbelief, as they appear upon the field of carnage to wage war against them?

A second and even more powerful argument than the first in favor of renewed interest in the Catechism is found in the blessed results of its past use; and while at present our interest in it has been suffered to languish, we are glad that our condition is no worse than it is, and that we are not obliged to retrace our steps down the vista of the past any further than the remembrance of some, even of the younger of us, to find where in the hands of a devoted parent or faithful teacher it was the medium through which we were made acquainted with religious doctrine, and led to admire the beautiful panoramic view which it displayed of all those attractive virtues that contribute to the making up of a systematic Christian character.

How many times have the children and youth been brought face to face with the opponents of Christianity, and been wounded by their fiery darts, tipped with poisonous interrogatives, designed to pierce even to the heart and mystify the understanding, but how promptly and quickly have we seen them draw out from their quiver the very arrow, sharp pointed with the Word of God, that was needed to repel this onslaught upon principles, and send the foe man reeling back to the ranks of his followers and unable to rally for a fresh attack.

Much of value and interest could be written regarding the remarkable influence this book has exerted in the moulding and shaping of character among the Christian believers of the past, but so beautifully has it all been summed up by an eminent advocate in its behalf, that we can but quote his most excellent words: "In the days of our fathers and grandfathers this Catechism was certainly a wonderful institution, and the descendants of those families that were most thoroughly drilled in it are now undeniably the very bone and sinew of New England, whether considered politically, socially or religiously."

But setting aside the great worth of the book itself, and the unmistakable influence it has had upon our past history, there is a present obligation and necessity in the matter which none can shrink from or gainsay. There seems to be a tendency in the present age to send the children and youth out on life's great battlefield much as an army would be sent out equipped with a toy gun, a keg of gun-powder and ten pounds of lead; no cartridges, no bullets, nothing for effective use without a great expenditure of time and labor in preparing the powder and moulding the lead for practical and effective work—a delay which in most instances would imperil the success of the undertaking, and bring disaster and ruin upon the army.

It is not thus that our enemies come out to wage war against us. Their weapons are deadly, their ammunition poisonous, and unless we place in the hands of our defenders equally effective weapons, we must expect at least partial defeat and a slow but sure undermining of those strong and fundamental principles of Christian doctrine that have been our defense from all time. What is it that makes the opposed forces to the work of the evangelical Protestant Church so effective, even though "their deeds are evil?" The only answer that comes back is because of their organized and systematic methods so largely due to early catechetical instruction in the doctrines and laws of their church.

How, then, shall we place in the hands, minds, hearts and mouths of the young that which shall effectively defend them against these onslaughts upon our Christian faith unless we restore to favor the "brief, comprehensive and systematic arrangement" of the Catechism of the Church?

All that has been written or said respecting the adaptability of this valuable work to the children and youth of the church, applies, we are sorry to affirm, with equal weight and force, to the older members of the church and society as well, for many there are even of these who are as vitally unprepared, as the young are in years, to meet the argument and debate of their opponents because of this same lack of ability to express comprehensively, systematically and unhesitatingly this answer to the potent interrogatives that they are so frequently called to give.

Let us, then, elevate this standard

from the "half-mast" position at which it now stands to the highest point of our staff of victory, and rally around it with renewed interest, taking as our watch-word not the "Eureka" of Archimedes, but the "Excelsior" of all the faithful and departed defenders of the principles in the past. Then shall our young people (the future hope of the church) be more lofty in their principles, still higher in their ambitions, and ever upward in their attainments, and we shall, despite the unskillfulness and oft-times unfaithfulness of those who ought to be its most earnest advocates and successful instructors, instill into the minds of the children and youth some, at least, if not all, of the fundamental principles and doctrines of Christian faith.

CARE FOR CONVERTS.

BY REV. W. F. MALLABINE, D. D.

While the work of God is going forward in so many places, and souls are seeking and finding the Saviour, it is of importance to know what to do for those who are converted.

First of all, the pastor should be sure that the work of conversion is not superficial. Too many people are permitted, if not encouraged, to accept of something less than a genuine new birth. They have conviction, they are real seekers, but they have not the clear testimony of their own consciousness, nor the witness of the Spirit to their conversion; they are not sure that their sins are forgiven and that they are adopted into the heavenly family. Every seeking soul ought to be encouraged to expect a definite and positive knowledge of pardon and adoption.

2. The names of all seekers and converts should be taken by the pastor, and provision should be made for their special care and supervision. How often it happens that persons ask the prayers of God's people in the public or social service, and with a prayer or two and a few words of advice they are dismissed, when name and residence ought to be taken down at once, and then each case ought to be followed up, until satisfactory results are obtained.

3. As soon as possible consistently with what has been already said, the converts ought to be led to join the class on probation; and if they have not been baptized in infancy, they ought to go forward in the divine order and be baptized without any unnecessary delay.

4. In the meantime and afterwards they ought to receive careful instruction in the fundamental principles of experimental religion. They ought especially to be encouraged to read the Bible much and prayerfully, and keep themselves from reading vain and frivolous books. Then every pastor ought to know that our Book Concern has prepared a series of books and tracts which are especially designed for the assistance and instruction of converts. These can be had at 38 Bromfield Street, of James P. Magee, in rich variety and abundance. The names of these books and tracts can be found in the catalogue of the Book Concern publications, which will be sent without cost by Bro. Magee to any of our preachers who may order it. It may also be said that every convert ought to be urged to take our own ZION'S HERALD, so that they may have a living connection with the current affairs of Methodism. But with all other books, papers, and tracts that may be supplied, it ought to be said with emphasis that our Methodist Catechism No. 3 ought to be put into the hand of every one of our converts, and it would not be an unwise thing if each one was required to make it a book of careful study.

5. Finally, the pastor should, in the form of lectures or otherwise, give personal instruction to the converts assembled from time to time, in the history, doctrines, polity, doings and achievements of Methodism; and, in particular, attention should be called to the difference between our doctrines and those of the other churches about us, always mindful that the reason for the existence of Methodism is to be found in its distinctive doctrines, polity and spirit. Let it be remembered that we are entitled to our own converts, and let us as well remember that tens of thousands of our converts have drifted away to other churches, who would not have been lost to us if they had been properly cared for at home.

THE WESLEYS IN LITERATURE.

BY REV. J. D. FLENNER.

I have just arisen from a very careful and interested perusal of the article, "English Language and Literature," in Johnson's New Universal Cyclopedia, written by Richard Grant White. The article as a whole is an exceptionally good one, written in that nervous, racy style for which Mr. White is noted, but the thing that rouses my wrath and causes me to write this note is this: Among all the notables of English history, poets, novelists, reformers, political economists, and eminent preachers—and Mr. White has left few nooks unexplored in his research—John and Charles Wesley are not favored with so much as a passing glance. Both these immortal names are passed over in utter and ignominious silence. Among the devotional poets Cowper and Watts are honored with fitting mention, a little charity perhaps, but still they are noted; while Charles Wesley, whose hymns are sung around the world, whose lyric productions are used ten times where those of either or both the others are used once, has not even the cold tribute of a single line. Mr. White writes on the roll of fame as celebrities in preaching, Hall, Foster, Chalmers, Taylor, Robertson, and even Frothingham, while John Wesley, who has fewer followers than any other, whose preachers reach more people, who has twenty-five million adherents, whose numbers in his church over five million members, who has left behind him benevolences, charities, educa-

tional institutions, writings literary and theological, in comparison with which, both as to literary merit and weight of theological thought, those of all the theologians mentioned by Mr. White dwindle into insignificance—John Wesley, whose name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken, is not so much as named!

Mr. Buckle, the skeptical author of the "History of Civilization in England," speaks of John Wesley as "the first of theological statesmen," and says that Wesley exerted as great an influence upon the Church of England as Luther did upon the Church of Rome. Yet this New England reviewer, whose title to immortality in letters is hardly clear, insults the intelligence of the age by treating such a distinguished name as that of Wesley with such contempt as to not mention him at all in a paper which purports to treat of the "English Language and Literature."

Would Mr. White write an article upon German literature and omit to mention Martin Luther? Yet Wesley was as much to his day and age as was Martin Luther to his. This omission could not have been an oversight. It was a studied effort of high-toned contempt for an eminent Christian scholar and reformer, and seems to me a piece of literary churlishness and meanness. I am surprised at the publisher for admitting the article in that form in a publication otherwise so fair, able and impartial.

The Dalles, Oregon.

Our Book Table.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE, by Charles Gardner Wheeler. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Crown octavo, 459 pp. This very useful compendium of the world's political history, arranged in eras, illustrated by charts, is adapted both to a text-book for higher classes in academies, and particularly for voluntary correspondence classes in reading circles. It gives a condensed summary of the historical movements, and of the progress and condition of empires, including the present century. The social and political summaries are selected from the chief writers of the period, or the historians of later dates. The work fills an important place among our historical compendiums.

ARIUS THE LEBYAN; An Idyl of the Primitive Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, 398 pp. The scene of this very attractive story is laid in the third century, and embodies the life of Arius and his great debate on the Trinity with Athanasius. The former is evidently the hero of the tale. The story itself is charmingly told, bringing out very vividly the social and religious conditions of the hour, and the political relations of the Eastern kingdom under Constantine to the Church. The romance is one of much freshness and power.

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS, by Joel Chandler Harris. James R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. These delightful "myths" from the life of a country boy, are well worth their preservation. The writer has been eminently successful in catching the unmistakable flavor of the cabin. This will be a rare "folklore" in the generation to come. The volume is rich in the homely wit and weird superstitions of the plantation. The negro patois will soon disappear under the stringent discipline of the Yankee schoolmaster, and only remain extant in these picturesque volumes and the novels whose scenes are laid in the South "before the war."

From Robert Carter & Brothers we have WEARYHOLM; or, Seed Time and Harvest, by Emily Sarah Holt. 12mo. In a well-told and very interesting story the author has embodied the social life of England of the seventeenth century—at the time of the Restoration of Charles the Second. Vanity and vice reigned triumphant, and spiritual religion was hidden away as in the days of Elijah. The story is true to the leading historical facts of the times.

From the same house we have ALICE'S HERO, by Catharine Shaw—a pretty story of mutual aid and affection existing between two English boys.

The Carters also publish NORA CLINTON; or, Did I Do Right? by Emily Brodie. This strongly religious story illustrates the beauty and power of youthful consecration.

VAGABONDIA, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. This very attractive story is a contribution to a periodical. A short time since, without her revision, it was published by one holding the copyright, to secure the benefit of the widely developed reputation of the writer. Mrs. Burnett has since secured the control of the book and has revised it and published it in its present greatly improved form. It bears the characteristics of her pen, but lacks the vigor and vividness of her later productions.

THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS, AND OTHER POEMS, by Alexander Winchell. LL. D. of Michigan University. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. Crown octavo, \$2.50. Dr. Winchell is the ablest American poet of the day, and his poems are of a cosmical principle, and far the most charming writer upon the subject. He is an equally profound believer in revealed religion and in the supernatural origin of the universe. In this interesting, and we might almost say fascinating, work, Dr. Winchell assumes the "nebular hypothesis" as a working theory in giving the history of the gradual development of the solar system. This he defends with great earnestness and ample illustration, meeting the various objections and criticisms which have been made in reference to it. One may not be able to accept as fully demon-

strated the theory, but he cannot help being impressed with the breadth of the writer's view, the force of his personal convictions, and the symmetry and beauty of his well-framed scheme to meet the exigencies of the supposed gradual growth and development theory of the world's formation. We have only been able to dip into the volume, here and there, and discover its line of argument. It must be carefully read, to enable one to speak intelligently of the author's theory. We heartily commend the work to the thoughtful consideration of our educated experts in cosmical and paleontological studies.

The Massachusetts Publishing Society issue in good season their preparations for the study of the International Sunday-school lessons for the coming year. The volume of Sermons for 1884 has reached its ninth series, and forms a very valuable aid in drawing out, or suggesting, the deeper thoughts of the successive exercises, and impressing them upon the heart. Some changes have been made in the personnel of the writers, but the same general course has been pursued as in the previous volumes. These discourses cover a considerable portion of the Acts, of Romans, Corinthians and Galatians, and second Samuel and Kings. An appendix sets forth the excellent plan of the New England Reading Circle.

The Society also issues THE LESSON HAND-BOOK, by Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, for primary and intermediate teachers. Mrs. Crafts has no superior as a teacher in these departments and in the preparation of manuals. Those who used her volume last year will be sure to secure its successor.

DULCE DOMUM; The Burden of the Song. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Octavo, 128 pp. This volume, with its ornate covers, finely illustrated by Benjamin F. Taylor, LL. D. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. \$4.00. Dr. Taylor is familiarly known by his many contributions to periodical literature of sweet and tender verse, and by his volumes, such as "Old Time Pictures," etc. This very handsomely published volume embodies a collection of short poems, on a great variety of themes, with as wide a difference in their tone, from gay to pensive. These poems are characterized by beauty and melody rather than originality and strength. They are pleasant and easy to read, and their way readily to the heart of the reader. The book will form an attractive and grateful holiday present.

Estes & Lauriat issue, in their popular series of "Zigzag" volumes, of which one hundred thousand copies have been sold, THE ZIGZAG JOURNALS OF A NORTHERN LANDS; The Rhine to the Arctic, by Elizabeth Butlerworth. With 100 illustrations, quarto, in ornate covers, \$1.75. In the same delightful manner of mingling incident with description, and making the whole vivid by characteristic pictures, the author gives a most interesting account of her travels in Denmark and Norway, and visits and described. It is a book of rare interest and instruction for young readers.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have prepared for the juveniles during the coming holidays, GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated by H. W. McKivier. Quarto. The well-known quaint poem, "Bunker's Story," has been made the basis of a choice gift-book for the youngsters of the family. There will be no difficulty in the youngest apprehending the meaning of the rollicking verse with the amazing pictures before them.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE? A Story of American Western Life, by Rev. W. A. Smith. 16mo. D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.25. It might as well be called a story of Eastern American life. Sufferers in the East, by Frank Will, have a feeling of the application of some of the incidents to their over-confidence in treacherous human nature. It is intended to warn young men against tramping upon conscience, whatever may seem to be the temporary gain, or probability of escaping temporal retribution. It shows over again "that the way of the transgressor is hard."

The same house issues TWENTY-SIX HOURS A DAY, by Mary Blake. \$1.25. This useful little manual will suggest to many a young man the practical gain of securing time for the highest and most improving duties, and how to attend most effectually to the thousand family wants.

A new and revised edition of the "Underground Railroad Records," by William Still, has been issued by its author, 244 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia, Pa. It makes a second octavo of 780 pages, and is illustrated with seventy engravings and portraits. A sketch of its writer, who, with his parents, was a fugitive from slavery, and of his long connection with the anti-slavery office in Philadelphia, and with one of the great underground railroads in the country, is given as an introduction. Literature does not afford more pathetic or thrilling incidents than are recorded, not as romances, but as literal facts, in this volume. It would be almost too painful to read were it not, like Fox's "Book of Martyrs," the records of a bygone age, never to be repeated. This volume, like that of the history of those who died as confessors for the truth, will remain as the terrible record of the anomalous condition of a portion of this country in its first century, and the occasion of the great civil war which nearly rent it asunder. There is no attempt at fine writing in this book. The painful incidents themselves were too dramatic and tragic to admit of any additional coloring. The portraits of many of the most noted and successful fugitives from oppression give an additional interest to the work. It is sold only by subscription at \$4.50.

The volume of Dr. Frank S. De Hass, entitled, "Barred Cities, or Explorations into the Past," is now in the hands of Mr. D. L. Guernsey, 61 Cornhill, Boston, and is being widely circulated as a subscription book by his agents. We have heretofore noticed it favorably. Dr. De Hass long resided abroad as the U. S. Consul at Jerusalem. He enjoyed special opportunities for travel and observation among sacred sites and among the countries. His volume is richly illustrated with engravings of great interest, and is the most attractive modern work upon the Holy Land. It will make a fine Christmas gift of permanent value. Mr. Guernsey desires to secure intelligent agents for the work. It is sold for \$3.50 plain, and \$4.00 gilt edges.

A very miscellaneous but interesting volume is issued by Bradley & Co., Philadelphia, entitled, "Over the World; A Book of Travels, Adventures and Achievements." It is compiled and partially written by Henry Howe, the author of a number of historical and biographical works. It forms an octavo of 848 pages, and has a large number of illustrations. The volume embraces narratives of sailing adventures by sea and land, with pictures of social life in various lands, of events like the Sepoy mutiny, and reminiscences of New England life sixty years ago. It is a volume to take up old moments, and will offer peculiar attractions to the young people in the family. Agents distribute it; in its cheapest form it sells for \$3.50.

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FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON X.

Sunday, Dec. 9. 1 Samuel 30: 32-42.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

DAVID'S FRIEND—JONATHAN.

I. Prefatory.

- 1. GOLDEN TEXT: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18: 24).
- 2. DATE: B. C. 1062.
- 3. PLACE: Gibeon (Saul's residence).
- 4. CONNECTION: 1. David's marriage with Michal, Saul's daughter; 2. David's flight from Saul; 3. David at Naioth with Samuel; 4. Jonathan's intervention for David.

II. Introductory.

David had fled to Samuel at Ramah. Thither Saul followed him with hostile purpose, after sending thither, but in vain, messengers to apprehend him. The prophetic allusion fell upon them, and their king after them. Into such an excitement was Saul thrown, listening to the singing and music of the prophets, with Samuel at their head, that he impulsively joined in their chorus and his frenzy rose to such a pitch that he tore off his mantle and fell down in a sort of a stupor which lasted till the next day. On his return to Gibeon his mood seemed quieter, and David, in a secret interview with Jonathan, arranged that the latter should find out how the king now felt, and whether it would be safe for his friend to go back to the court. Saul, however, was simply concealing his murderous determination; he had not renounced it. He expected David to return, and intended then to take his life. The feast of the new moon, he thought, would give him his opportunity. David's absence from his place at the king's table on the first day was mentally excused by Saul as due to ceremonial uncleanness; but his non-appearance on the second day threw him into a fury. In vain Jonathan attempted to apologize for his friend. His father charged him at once with treachery, and in the heat of his rage insulted his son's mother. He bade Jonathan send for David, "for he shall surely die." Jonathan's further remonstrance was answered by the threat of his father's spear, and he left the table in fierce anger. The next day he went forth to the camp of Ezer where David lay concealed. Taking his bow and arrows and a lad with him, he shot three arrows beyond the camp, and shouted out such directions to his attendant as to convey to his friend the intelligence that he must flee for his life. Then he dismissed the lad to the city with his bow and arrows, and David came forth from his hiding-place. They met with embraces and tears, and then parted, only to meet once again afterward in a brief interview.

III. Expository.

1. The Peril (verses 32-34).—The king was bent on slaying David. The absence of the latter from the royal table, at the feast of the new moon, led Saul to inquire of Jonathan as to where he was; and when Jonathan attempted to excuse David by the evasion that he had gone to Bethlehem to sacrifice, the king's rage was poured out upon his son who was taunted for his friendship with David, and insulted by vilifying his (Jonathan's) mother. He roughly told Jonathan that his succession to the kingdom would never be established so long as the son of Jesse lived, and bade him send for him that he might put him to death. What hath he done?—The son, overlooking the personal insult, still remonstrates with his angry father. Saul cast a javelin at him—threatened him savagely with his spear, as he had David twice before. Whereby Jonathan knew, etc.—He could no longer excuse his father's violence towards David on the score of temporary frenzy. He realized that Saul was deliberately bent on slaying his friend.

2. The Token (verses 35-40).—A signal and time had been agreed upon between the friends: David was to conceal himself behind a heap of stones, and Jonathan was to shoot three arrows towards it; if he shot beyond the heap, David was to understand that Saul's purpose was deadly and was to flee for safety; if the arrows fell short of the heap, they would signify that there was no danger. A little lad with him—who would have no suspicion of any significance in Jonathan's acts.

3. Jonathan runs, and find out now the arrows.—The lad was sent out ahead and the arrows shot beyond him, in order that Jonathan might shoot to him in a voice loud enough for David to hear. When the lad was come to the place beyond the heap, and therefore beyond where David lay concealed, he said to the arrow beyond these?—"That word beyond David knew the meaning of better than the lad" (Henry).

Jonathan uses a question instead of direct discourse (as in verses 30-32) in order more certainly to make the boy believe that he was merely practicing at a mark. While in verses 30-32 this procedure is summarily described of three arrows, the account here is of one. The difference is not to be explained by the supposition that Jonathan shot only one arrow, but that only one, because there were three arrows was a principal point in the argument, and there had been such need of haste, the following procedure could not have been taken. Rather, are secretly woven together. It is also at this point, consequently, that the clearest anticipation of the whole subsequent history already shines through. As Jonathan here foresees, David afterward obtains the kingdom; and in accordance with his oath to his friend, he always spares the descendants of Jonathan. In grateful remembrance of his dear loved friend, and never loses an opportunity of showing them kindness (Ewald).

IV. Inferential and Suggestive.

- 1. Even at sacred festivals the most malign passions may be harbored.
- 2. No man can foretell what he will say or do in the heat of passion.
- 3. "A friend is born for adversity."
- 4. A true friend will defend the absent one at whatever personal risk.
- 5. Under great provocation the meekest cannot refrain from anger; but they show their meekness by controlling it and retreating.
- 6. The dearest friends experience the most painful separations.
- 7. "Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers; Whose love in higher love endures."

V. Illustrative.

1. FRIENDSHIP WITH CHRIST.

Among the cherished stories of old English friendship, is that of Pulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who wished to transmit his memory to after ages by the inscription, "A friend to Sir Philip Sidney." The circumstance is not worth mentioning in comparison with that of record of friendship which is supplied in the words, "that disciple whom Jesus loved," except as it may serve to bring out the divine instance into bright and beautiful relief. The friendship of Jonathan and David is a human example. The friendship of a mortal, however wise and good, fades away beside the thought of His friendship, who is the fountain of wisdom and the mirror of goodness (Dr. Stoughton).

2. JONATHAN'S COURAGE AND MAGNANIMITY.

Jonathan stands in shadow behind, yet behind Saul, his father, and David, his friend. A keen scrutiny of history reveals the fact that the conspicuous personage is not always the most potent. Warwick, the king-maker, with his princely gifts and his almost royal consort, wielded dominion which the Henries and Edwards, who furnished heads upon which to display the mere symbols of power, were glad to solicit. More than any other Scripture character Jonathan was the king-maker. Jonathan humanly created Saul and David kings. He was the willing yet inconspicuous link which joined the two thrones—the gold between the jewels. Possessing Saul's physical characteristics, his military skill and prowess, combined with David's enthusiasm and devotion, in many traits he eclipsed both. Whatever of stability, or dignity, or breadth there was in Saul's kingdom was a praise to his son who projected and won the battle which really established it. Whatever of splendor there was in David's reign, whether of arms, or wealth, or who gave David his scepter, aye, who, by a sublime and unparalleled preference, placed his beloved friend in his own hereditary and royal seat. There are two characteristics which belong to so rare a man in a supreme degree; I will call them courage and magnanimity (W. A. Bartlett, quoted by Vincent).

3. THE PARTING.

This is the culminating point in the mutual relations of the two friends who furnished the eternal type of the perfection of noble friendship; and, moreover, in these last hours before their separation, all the threads of their destinies, henceforth so widely different,

are secretly woven together.

It is also at this point, consequently, that the clearest anticipation of the whole subsequent history already shines through. As Jonathan here foresees, David afterward obtains the kingdom; and in accordance with his oath to his friend, he always spares the descendants of Jonathan. In grateful remembrance of his dear loved friend, and never loses an opportunity of showing them kindness (Ewald).

VI. Interrogative.

- 1. At the celebration of what feast did our lesson begin?
- What did Saul expect, and what did he propose?
- Why was he angry with Jonathan?
- What personal abuse did he utter towards him?
- What did he express concerning David?
- 2. What remembrance did Jonathan make?
- What conclusion did he draw?
- What did he do?
- Explain his absence.
- 3. What did he do on the next day?
- Where was David concealed?
- What was the preconcerted signal?
- Describe the scene.
- What is the meaning of the word "artillery?"
- 4. How did David behave when the lad had been dismissed?
- Describe the meeting of the friends.
- Who showed the more emotion?
- 5. With what words did the friends part?
- How often did they afterwards meet, and where?
- 6. What practical lessons do you derive from this narrative?

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"Of all the papers taken by me, none is read with greater interest and profit than ZION'S HERALD."

"It is a constant inspiration to the highest and best Christian living."

"My wife and children welcome its coming and devour its contents from week to week with a keen relish."

We are constant recipients of similar testimonies.

Will our readers speak of the merits of the paper to their neighbors, that they may take advantage of the publisher's liberal offer to new subscribers? See 8th page.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1883.

Few things tend more surely to keep people from church than superficial, pointless preaching. Yet some preachers are superficial because they will not give their full strength to pulpit preparation. They fancy that, with a few disjointed ideas not half thought out, they can interest the people, provide only that in preaching they can contrive to work up a current of religious feeling. Perhaps they get the emotion, perhaps not. But when they do, the stream is as shallow as the thought that gave it birth, and its effect perishes with the breath with which the preacher gives the benediction. Any man who is given to careless preparation for the pulpit may profit by carefully pondering this caustic but true remark of a very successful bishop: "The sermon which has cost little is worth just what it cost."

"My heart is wounded within me." Thus sighed the royal minstrel when his heart was bleeding because of the arrows shot at him by his malignant slanders. And thus do all men cry when losses, afflictions, bereavements, or social persecutions overwhelm them. But all men do not find relief, as David did, in religious trust. He had great riches, great power, great reputation, many friends, but it was not in those outside things that he found balm for his wounded spirit. No, not in any human remedy. But he turned his overflowing eyes heavenward and prayed, "Help me, O Lord my God! O save me according to Thy mercy!" In the same spirit did a successful, honored bishop of the English National Church exclaim when the pangs of a great bereavement wrung his agonized heart: "How miserably poor are all outside additions against such inner wounds! How is there any rest, but only in saying over and over again, 'Thou hast done it, and Thy hands are pierced, and Thy heart is low!' The minstrel king and the mitred priest were both right. Go, thou, therefore, O wounded soul, with the story of thy griefs to that ever-living High Priest whose heart overflows with sympathy, whose hands are filled with the only balm that can cure the wounded heart of suffering men! Jesus is the only Healer of heart wounds."

Fine rain falling gently upon the earth refreshes the tender herb, but when the rain falls violently and in sweeping torrents, it destroys it. It is even so with religious controversy and the truth. Conducted in meekness, with an obvious purpose not to conquer, but to convince and benefit the opposing side, it is beneficial. Truth never suffers from it. But when it is noisy, violent and vindictive, it is injurious both to the truth itself and to those who are seeking it. There is both beauty and wisdom in Melancthon's rebuke of the violence displayed by Eck, Carlstadt, and Luther in their famous discussion at Leipzig. "How," he asks, "can any one expect to derive any profit from it? The Spirit of God loves reverence and silence. It is then that it penetrates deep into our hearts. The bride of Christ does not dwell in the streets and market-places, but leads her spouse into the house of her mother." And Christ himself, though compelled to controversy during His public ministry by those malignant casuists who dogged His footsteps, did not "strive or cry,"

neither was "His voice heard in the streets" in noisy disputes. In controversy, as in all other parts of His stainless life, He could say, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." Let us, therefore, pray that our polemics may be baptized with the meekness of Christ!

"I am such a sinner!" exclaimed a penitent when exhorted to believe in Christ for pardon. "Yes, but then you have such a Saviour," replied the pastor. This answer certainly took from the penitent all excuse for further unbelief. That pastor might have very properly added, that a life black with guilt is no valid excuse for refusing to trust in Christ, for "It is a sin to think our sins greater than the death of the Son of God." . . . The death of the Son of God is greater than any man's offenses, so that grace is mightier than sin. Why, then, should a penitent, dwelling on his sins and refusing to believe in the death of Christ, add the sin of desperate unbelief to the countless offenses which stain the record of his past life? To doubt the willingness of Christ to keep His promise to save "whoever" comes to Him, is to treat Him as false to His word. To embrace Him by faith is humility, not presumption. Dare, then, to believe, O penitent soul, but do not dare to doubt!

A PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE GATHERING.

The Methodist Social Union for Boston and vicinity, and the Preachers' Meeting, united on Monday evening, Nov. 13, in giving a reception to Bishop Foster on his safe return from his protracted absence and long journey to India. President Cooper, of the Preachers' Meeting, in his address explained the apparent delay in his special greeting, as the Bishop returned some two months since. His fall Conference was just ready to open their sessions when he reached New York, and without visiting his home, he was compelled to hasten to them, and his official duties had filled all his time until the date of the reunion.

The place of the meeting was especially grateful, every way, to the company which assembled on that evening. Heretofore in such large social gatherings we have been driven to hotels or public halls. On this occasion the beautiful and commodious rooms of Jacob Sleeper Hall, Boston University, were placed at the service of the committee of entertainment. Its chapel offered ample accommodation for laying the tables for three hundred guests, and nearly every chair was occupied. Its ample rooms and spacious assembly hall gave every desired opportunity for the convenience of the great company and for the enjoyment of the social entertainment which preceded the other exercises of the evening. It was the intention to have had the speaking of the occasion in the large upper assembly room, but the company found itself so agreeably situated at the tables in the chapel, that the addresses of the evening were delivered while the Union and its guests remained in their seats.

To many of those present this beautiful edifice was a revelation. They had heard of the Hall bearing the familiar and honored name it does, but had no conception of its appointments, the number and size of its rooms, and the general attractiveness of its appearance. The guests were specially loud in their appreciative compliments upon the elegant parlor provided for the lady students, and all received a lively impression of the admirable academic building set apart for the use of the students in the College of Liberal Arts.

The occasion drew together a large delegation of our ministers and not a few church members from quite a distance from the city. The day was a rare one in November, and the evening was all that could be desired. It was a loyal Methodist meeting, with few members of other communions present, and scarcely a stranger among them, save the few reporters of the daily press, who seemed to enjoy the occasion as if "to the manner born." The greetings were with characteristic heartiness, and the occasion had not a little of the flavor of a love-feast, with only this difference—we had but two or three experiences related in the place of the usual scores. The singing, save one delightful exception—a singularly appropriate and beautifully-rendered song by Mrs. Osborne—was congregational and eminently Methodist, led by Rev. S. L. Gracey. "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," to the tune of "Exhortation," was almost enough to awaken the dust of the sainted dead of old Bennet and Bromfield Street Churches. Not one of our popular modern prayer-meeting melodies possesses this stirring and spiritual power of the old, embalmed hymns of the ages.

Our members are good eaters, enjoying evidently a healthy digestion, greatly aided by their lively interchange of social courtesies. The provision was ample, and adequate justice was done to it. The recovery of many baskets full even of frag-

ments, at the close of the supper, would have simply been the repetition of the miracle of nearly twenty centuries ago. But there was no transgression of a Christian moderation, as was made evident by the vigor and readiness with which the hymn of thankfulness was again poured forth as the company turned from physical to intellectual refreshment. All hearts were bowed under the copious, reverent and tender prayer of President Warren. Ex-Mayor Thomas Green, president of the Social Union, in one of his short and apt addresses, opened the speaking of the evening. His application of portions of the nineteenth Psalm to the wide itineraries of our bishops, was particularly relished by the audience. "There is no speech nor language," he quoted, "where their voice is not heard! Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world. Their going forth is from the end of the heaven, and their circuit unto the ends of it!"

President Green called up Rev. V. A. Cooper, who, as president of the Preachers' Meeting, presented the salutations and congratulations of his brethren. He represented not simply the company present, but the fifty ministers and nine thousand members and probationers composing a limited circle of the city and vicinity; and, indeed, as we form but one connection, he spoke for the whole ten thousand ministers and seventeen hundred thousand members now composing our vast church in the United States. In his extended and happy address of welcome, Brother Cooper referred to one special feature of the work that had been accomplished during the seven years of the residence of Bishop Foster in Boston, in relieving our churches in the city and immediate vicinity from debt. By extraordinary efforts and sacrifices over \$500,000 have been raised and paid for this purpose, and nearly a score of churches have been relieved from embarrassing burdens and even threatened financial perils. This amount had been contributed in addition to current expenses and the support of denominational charities.

The response of Bishop Foster was both impressive and instructive. He was received, as he arose to speak, with the heartiest expressions of welcome, repeated over and over again. The Bishop was evidently moved, as well he might be, and accepted in modest and tender sentences these spontaneous expressions of respect and love. He devoted the chief portion of his remarks to a very vivid description of his late extended tour, but especially to his visit to India. Few travelers receive so lively an impression of the scenes and incidents of foreign travel, and fewer have such a power of realistic and picturesque description. Europe seemed to him much like home; he had visited it several times. He was not conscious of feeling a sense of distance and difference until he reached the lower waters of the Danube. There the depressed condition of the lower classes of the population, and the paganism, even, of the professed Christians of the Greek type, made him deeply conscious of the utter change in material and moral conditions from his own happy native land. No speaker to whom we have listened has been so successful in presenting before the eyes of an audience the actual, social, religious, physical and industrial condition of the two hundred and sixty millions of India, as Bishop Foster on this occasion. We could see them—dark, naked, straight, lithe, but of low intelligence and living like brutes.

On the whole, it was something appalling. England has done much for India in developing her resources, but still is a hard and exacting master. She taxes the poor Hindoo till not enough for the purchase of the most limited amount of food for himself and his family remains, in seasons when his crops fail him. She blasts the rich valleys with the enforced production of poppies at the expense of grain. The missionary is accomplishing successful work, but what hope can there be of any advanced, permanent civilization while the average wages of the working-man are only seven cents a day, with nothing better than narrow strips of rags to cover portions of his body, and a miserable cabin without conveniences is his only home? Bishop Foster thinks the great question for Christian England to struggle with, is the proper measures to develop such industries in India as will afford some adequate returns for labor, and thus raise above the condition of brutes the millions that throng that mighty and fertile peninsula. How eloquently he urged the claims of these millions of men in their appalling poverty and wretchedness, in their unilluminated moral darkness and gross superstitions, can only be apprehended by those who have lis-

ened to Bishop Foster in hours of high intellectual and spiritual inspiration. It was a rare occasion for an effective missionary plea, and the speaker was fully equal to the opportunity providentially afforded him.

Thus progressed and closed with mutual expressions of rich enjoyment one of the best sessions of the Social Union. It fully justified the wisdom of its organization, illustrated its importance and usefulness, and secured for our members in the city and vicinity a rare reunion, with something far better than Pope's "feast of reason and flow of soul."

ROMANISM COMPELLED THE REFORMATION.

Considered apart from the events which followed it, Luther's formal protest in 1517 against the sale of papal indulgences was not an affair of special importance to anybody except Luther himself. The act was not repugnant to the usage of the land and the times. Even in respect to the matter of the indulgences, Luther was not the first to utter a protest. His ninety-five protesting propositions struck his critics then, as they would now strike the ordinary reader ignorant of Luther's own explanations, as so many contradictory statements. But to Luther's mind there was no contradiction. They exactly express his belief at the time, though they seem, at first blush, to be cast in crude, vague and paradoxical terms. Luther still held that the Church possessed plenary power of granting pardon for transgressions of canonical and discretionary regulations, or exemption from the disciplinary penances imposed under such rules; but he had come to repudiate the doctrine that the Church could grant pardon or indulgences for sins against the law of God.

It was the flagrant abuse of the true doctrine, as Luther held it, against which he lifted his voice. What excited his indignation and his grief was the knowledge that papal agents were selling to impotent men, women and children in his own parish or cure, as well as elsewhere, pardons for past sins and licenses for sins to be committed. The princes who opposed this traffic looked chiefly at the loss of so much money from Germany; Luther looked at the abuse from a higher ground. In his eyes it was a sacrifice.

This proceeding on Luther's part would probably have passed almost unheeded had not the eager champions of the Church entertained the delusive idea that they could silence this noisy preacher at Wittenberg by elaborate arguments in Latin. As it turned out, they hastened to do precisely that which was most likely to call attention to Luther and his protest, to unloose the tongues of other eloquent preachers and inspire the pens of other learned scholars, to awaken latent jealousies, arouse antipathies of race, and create around the object of their literary zeal and theological rancor a party of warm supporters—small and unorganized at first, but sure in the progress of events to become a staunch and compact body of faithful friends. Thus, what Luther could not have hoped for, much less foreseen, was brought about in part through the consummate folly of the volunteer champions of "orthodoxy" and by the blunders of the Papacy. Whoever would fully understand how true this is, needs only to read with care the history of the Reformation in Germany from the year 1517 to the year 1521. Let us group some of the chief transactions.

We shall see, first, a fierce controversy of war of books and pamphlets between Tetzel, Eck, Hochstraten, and others on the one side, and Luther, Carlstadt, and Melancthon on the other; a three days' conference at Augsburg in October, 1518, between Luther and the papal legate, Cardinal Cajetan, a learned and able politician, but a learned theologian, in which a polite but unsuccessful effort, under papal direction, was made to conciliate or silence the rude German disturber of the peace; the issue of the papal bull of November, 1518, threatening excommunication against all who should thereafter gain say the doctrine of indulgences; the conference of January, 1519, between Molitru, the pope's chamberlain, and Luther, followed by the epistle which the latter thereupon sent to Pope Leo; the famous two weeks' disputation at Leipzig in June, 1519, when Luther and Carlstadt contended with the ambitious Dr. Eck—a dispute in which, as is usual, both parties claimed the victory; the issue of another bull in June, 1520, condemning Luther's teachings, ordering his works to be burned, and threatening him with the greater excommunication if he should not have retraced within the next sixty days.

In these proceedings the Papacy and its champions were the aggressors. But Luther, though often seemingly baffled and as often restrained by the prudent counsel of his staunch friend, the Elector of Saxony, returned again and again to the contest at every new attack from Rome or her emissaries. Every movement on their part called forth from his prolific brain a fresh book or pamphlet, which, as leaves are driven by the wind, were scattered throughout Germany and into other parts of Europe. The seeds of revolt were sown broadcast as much by his opponents as by Luther himself. The press was his most powerful auxiliary. And the zeal for learning, which rapidly revived in Europe in consequence of the discovery of the art of printing, prepared a ready soil for Luther's fruitful sowing.

In spite of his occasional outbursts of harsh sayings against the Papacy, uttered under the spur of abuse and opposition, it is obvious that up to the issuing of the bull of excommunication in June, 1520, Luther had hoped to see the Church give signs that she would voluntarily enter with an honest purpose on the work of her own reform—the need of which was confessed almost

everywhere except in the papal court. In common with many men in Germany and elsewhere, Luther had hoped to see the assembling of an ecumenical council, conducted without dictation, and including every school of thought in the Church. But when these hopes vanished, he assembled his students and friends at Wittenberg, burned the papal bull with other obnoxious writings, and thus anticipating the last blow from Rome, excommunicated himself. He appealed from the see of Rome to a free and truly ecumenical synod. In the papal view he was now a self-convinced heretic, a traitor, a public pest, for the extirpation of whom all faithful subjects of the Church should promptly unite.

Two obstacles, at least, stood in the way. The "fool infection" of the Lutheran "heresy" had spread far and wide. Princes, magistrates, many of the people, and large bodies of students had caught the "disease." It was no longer a single monk, or priest, or noisy preacher confronting the papal power. The people now stood behind a leader, and that people was German. Neither this people nor the conditions, whether social or political, were such as encouraged the Papacy to expect that sort of success it had gained over the Albigensian, the Waldensian, or the Hussite revolt.

Maximilian, the emperor, had died, and his grandson, Charles the Fifth of Spain, had succeeded to the imperial power in spite of claims of Francis of France and Henry of England, and the lavish bestowment of bribes in their behalf. The Pope preferred the king of the French, but was ready to use either Charles or Francis to promote the political interests of the Papacy in Italy. Maximilian had advised Frederick, Elector of Saxony, to take good care of Luther, as he might be wanted as an instrument with which to fight the Papacy. This advice was not lost upon Frederick, nor upon Charles who was most indebted to the Elector for his elevation to the "throne of the Caesars." Accordingly, when the Pope demanded the execution of the bull of excommunication, and that Luther should be sent to Rome for a "hearing"—that is, for punishment—Charles took the advice of the Elector, the staunch and steadfast friend of Luther, and ordered the heretic to appear at Worms before the imperial Diet. There Luther did appear in April, 1521. He was asked to retract and be silent. He was heard, and heard twice, to the amazement of the Papacy and its agents. He refused to retract, was permitted to depart, and ordered to return in silence to his home. The Diet condemned his doctrine and his conduct, and placed him and his writings under the ban of the empire. In the eye of the Church and of the State he was now an outlaw.

Is this the end of the struggle? Will a felon's death be Luther's fate? Or will he seek safety in flight from home and fatherland? And whither can he flee and be safe? Or has the Diet and the Papacy misconceived the changed condition of affairs, and failed to note how the influence of the empire and of the Papacy has already been sapped by the revolution now going on? [We leave our discussion here, to resume it next week.]

BRIEF MENTION.

Our readers will not fail to listen to the earnest plea of Bishop Warren on our first page. We trust there will reach him a generous response from New England.

Don't fail to read the notice of the struggling M. E. Church in Alliston. Let us all make them a visit, during their fair, and leave something to be remembered by.

The *Heavenly Woman's Friend*, the organ of the W. F. M. S., of the M. E. Church, has contributed, out of its profits, the noble sum of \$1,200 in aid of the first newspaper for women about to be published in India, under the direction of our missionaries.

The Harpers are issuing the fourth edition of Griffiths' "The Mikado's Empire"—by far the most accurate, exhaustive and interesting work upon Japan. This edition has a supplementary chapter, bringing the history down to the present year.

An exchange from Detroit—the *Evening Journal*—accepts in full the new arrangement for railroad time, and issues it 14, 15, and 17 o'clock editions. Times certainly change, if we do not change with them.

Twenty-five hundred members attend regularly the Saturday afternoon Bible class of the Boston Sunday-school Teachers' Union, conducted by Rev. R. R. Meredith, D. D., in Tremont Temple, on the succeeding Sunday's lesson. The concert on the great organ, by Prof. George Mendall Taylor, commences at 2.30. The Scripture lesson at 3 o'clock. The service is free to all.

James Cooke Van Benschoten, professor of Greek in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has been appointed director for the coming year of the school of Athens, an intercollegiate school of Greek at Athens, Greece.

The *Youth's Companion* sends out a Thanksgiving number which is a model in beauty and the highest form of juvenile periodical literature. This popular paper for young people has reached the enormous weekly circulation of nearly 300,000.

George D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati, publish a Christmas program of song, responsive service and recitation, under the title of "Silver Carols for Christmas Time," \$4 a hundred. It is prepared by one well known among the writers of social and Sunday-school music—W. H. Doane.

We are greatly indebted to the secretary, Rev. J. W. Mendall, for a copy of the Minutes of the North Ohio Conference, and of the meeting of the lay conference. It was held at Cleveland, O., Sept. 26 to Oct. 1, 1883.

J. Fitzgerald, 20 Lafayette Place, New York, publishes, in his instructive *Humbug Library*, No. 50, a very able work of the late Wm. Stanley Jewons, M. A., F. R. S., entitled, "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange." Jewons is the ablest writer of the day upon social philosophy. His work on currency will be embodied in two numbers of the *Library*.

We have received a very well-executed lithograph of Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), editor

of the *Pansy*. Her face and smile are worthy symbols of all the kind and bright words she utters. No writer speaks more directly to the heart of childhood and youth. Her paper and her books always carry their own welcome with them.

Mr. Henry H. Faxon sends out a new and neat edition of his compendium of the public statistics of Massachusetts, relating to the restriction of the sale of liquors. A digest is also given of judicial decisions on various points, which have come up in the trial of liquor cases. This very handy manual is illustrated with a fine steel engraving of Mr. Faxon.

Frances E. Willard writes, en route in Texas, Nov. 14:—

"The importance of suitably celebrating Dec. 28, 1883, the tenth anniversary of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, can hardly be overestimated. Religiously and financially we must make it a success; we shall never again have a better opportunity to enlist the people in the W. C. T. U. We want first to arouse the zeal of our people, and secondly to raise money for our national work by collections, thank-offering envelopes, and a thorough canvass for subscribers to our paper."

The appropriations of the Church Extension Society authorized for the New England Conferences for the coming year are: For Maine \$400, East Maine \$800, New Hampshire \$500, Vermont \$300, New England \$1,000, New England Southern \$200. The latest appropriations to any Conference are \$5,000 to Central Ohio, Cincinnati \$4,000, Minnesota \$3,750, and \$3,500 to Philadelphia Conference. Baltimore, St. Louis German, and Florida receive \$2,500. From these the authorized appropriations run down to \$500. The whole sum authorized for the year is \$189,550.

The Dean of the Chautauque School of Theology, Rev. A. A. Wright, reports a large increase of students for the past month. The total number enrolled are—in Greek 132, Hebrew 38, doctrinal theology 85, practical theology 116, historical theology 25. The first certificates of graduation to students in doctrinal and practical theology have already been given. The examinations are said to have been very satisfactory. All requisite information in reference to the school may be obtained by enclosing a stamp to Rev. Alfred A. Wright, Boston, Mass.

Haus und Herd, our excellent German monthly, has for the frontispiece of its December number a remarkably fine steel engraving of Bishop I. W. Wiley, LL. D., with an interesting sketch of his life and labors by its editor, Dr. Liebhart. This beautiful and well-sustained periodical is published by Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati, Ohio. Our young German readers would be both profited and interested by taking it. \$2 a year.

The visit of the secretaries, Drs. Reid and Fowler, to Boston, has been well appreciated. Their Sabbath labors were abundant and very profitable. Dr. Reid made a fine, able and effective address at the Preachers' Meeting on Monday morning. We trust a large increase in the annual contributions from this vicinity will be the result. Bishop Foster did not speak as announced at the Preachers' Meeting, but will on the first Monday of the new year.

Dr. Henry J. Fox, the able pastor of the church in Wilbraham, dropped in upon us a few moments last week. He has been delivering, according to appointment, lectures in this direction. They are spoken of with much warmth by those who have listened to them. The Doctor is a fine speaker, his topics are popular, and his lectures have been prepared with great care. He never fails to better some of the old, but a finer site, a better school of buildings, or more ample apparatus for instruction, and no institution turns out better candidates for college or for business life. Her patrons must "lose her" and let her go free from debt, and for generations to come, as heretofore, she will continue to bless the church and the land. Her catalogue, just received, is "a thing of beauty" and a compliment to the printing house of Rand, Avery & Co.

The amount received by the Church Extension Society of our denomination last year was:—

In the General Fund,	\$120,007.34
" " Loan "	101,077.08
On hand at the opening of the year,	\$61,730.10
Available for the mission,	\$282,814.52

The funds disbursed were:—

On General account,	\$126,500.93
" " Loan Fund,	102,047.77
" " Loan Fund,	\$229,281.92
Leaving a balance of	\$104,035.70

There was last year an increase

On General Fund of	\$12,217.26
" " Loan Fund "	25,544.40
	\$37,761.71

The Society has helped during the year by donations, 261 churches; by loans, 65; by donations and loans, 116; total, 442.

Corea, the "Hermits Nation," is the timely and interesting topic of the December number of prayer. Corea is a peninsula, about the size of Minnesota, situated between China and Japan. Instead of a peninsula, her rulers have striven to make her an island. To the Roman Catholic missionaries, however, the credit of sapping the walls of Corea's isolation. A treaty was made with Japan in 1876, and in 1882 the treaty between America and Corea was signed. The sum of \$5,000 for Corea was appropriated by the General Missionary Committee at their recent meeting in New York. Information in regard to this country can be obtained by consulting the three cyclopedias—Britannica, Americana, and Appleton's Annual—also Corea, the Hermits Nation," by Wm. Elliott Griffiths.

Our excellent predecessor in office, and often contributor to the columns of Zion's Herald, Dr. D. Wise, has added to his large catalogue of valuable juvenile publications a volume, handsomely published by Phillips & Hunt, of the Book Room, New York, entitled, "Sketches and Anecdotes of American Methodists of the Days that are No More." It is a companion volume to his "Heroic Methodists," heretofore published, relating, as its author only can, in a picturesque and attractive way to the attention of our lads and girls, the romantic story of our early preachers and elect labors, by whose countenances and lives the first bishops and chief itinerant ministers of the goodly women, like Barbara Heck and others, with some of the most remarkable incidents in the self-denying work of establishing a new church.

It is given in this very interesting volume. We heartily commend it to our young readers. They will read it lively and wholesome pages with delight, but will be quite sure to find that their parents are equally interested in its pages with themselves. It is a valuable and attractive addition to the best form of our Sunday-school literature.

Already the ample preparations for the International Lessons of the coming year are on the counters of the Sunday-school depots in our own church and appliances. Drs. John H.

ment is experimental. The circular is tentative. It remains to be seen what "the harvest will be."

Our readers who can attend on Saturdays from quarter before 12 M. to 1 P. M., at the original Old South Meeting-house, will find themselves both greatly interested and profited by the lectures of Mr. John Fiske on American History. His lecture last Saturday on the incidents in Boston of immediately preceding the war of the Revolution, held the audience quite breathless through its whole delivery. His grouping and clear descriptions have a singular fascination about them. Ten more lectures are to follow on successive Saturdays.

In the pleasant home, in Chelsea, of our able assistant in the Sunday-school department, Chaplain W. O. Holway, U. S. N., was married, on Tuesday, Nov. 20, his eldest daughter, Miss Edith E., to Mr. Lewis R. Spauld, son of Hon. Alden Spauld, of Newton. The young couple were made the recipients of many valuable presents and of the hearty congratulations of a large circle of relatives and friends. Zion's Herald joins in the sincerest wishes for their happiness together, and usefulness as long as God will, upon the earth, and for the richer benedictions of heaven forever. The ceremony was very impressively performed, according to the Methodist liturgy, by the uncle of the bride, Rev. Raymond F. Holway.

"Have you heard Booth?" said a bright young lady to a young college student in New York, connected with a wealthy religious family in the city, and bearing an honored name. "No," was the immediate answer. "I do not attend the theatre." "Why not? Have you scruples? Some of the officers of our church go." "I know that," the young man answered; "but I know that the most faithful to attend the theatre, do not attend the theatre, and that those who are accustomed to visit it, are the least conspicuous in their attention upon religious duties. I have made up my mind to give up the theatre and to hold on to the prayer-meeting." Probably others, if as observant, have noticed the same fact as true in other Christian circles in regard to those who attend places of secular amusement.

Mrs. W. H. Thurber, of Providence, daughter of Dr. Butler, writes, in a note:—

"Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Butler reached India safely, Oct. 6, after a delightful and quiet voyage on the 'Nile' her children are, especially, was in excellent health, and did not suffer one hour from sea-sickness. Their letters are dated from Bombay, and express great joy and happiness at being more upon 'India's coral strand.' Letters from home awaited their arrival, as well as many kind messages from all parts of India, bidding them welcome. Papa's letters throughout have been full of expressions of gratitude to God and the church for the great privilege, and I have no doubt that ever since his arrival his heart has been full of happy emotions and his face indicative of the same. He does not grow old, while her children are, in speaking last year of his desire to go to India, he said, 'I would rather go to India than go to heaven any way.' Surely, were the money given him for this journey by so many kind friends measured by its result in his present experience, one could not soon tell all the good it has done."

Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, the revised academic Alma Mater of hundreds of us, does not grow old, while her children are, whitening with age and fading away daily. The Academy is now beginning to repeat its most prosperous days. During last year it had on its rolls 406 students; in its winter term, for '82 and '83, 238. Dr. George M. Steele heads its faculty, supported by twelve professors and teachers. No institution of the same grade in our land has a finer site, a better school of buildings, or more ample apparatus for instruction, and no institution turns out better candidates for college or for business life. Her patrons must "lose her" and let her go free from debt, and for generations to come, as heretofore, she will continue to bless the church and the land. Her catalogue, just received, is "a thing of beauty" and a compliment to the printing house of Rand, Avery & Co.

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On hand at the opening of the year,	\$61,730.10
Available for the mission,	\$282,814.52

The funds disbursed were:—

On General account,	\$126,500.93
" " Loan Fund,	102,047.77
" " Loan Fund,	\$229,281.92
Leaving a balance of	\$104,035.70

There was last year an increase

On General Fund of	\$12,217.26
" " Loan Fund "	25,544.40
	\$37,761.71

The Society has helped during the year by donations, 261 churches; by loans, 65; by donations and loans, 116; total, 442.

Corea, the "Hermits Nation," is the timely and interesting topic of the December number of prayer. Corea is a peninsula, about the size of Minnesota, situated between China and Japan. Instead of a peninsula, her rulers have striven to make her an island. To the Roman Catholic missionaries, however, the credit of sapping the walls of Corea's isolation. A treaty was made with Japan in 1876, and in 1882 the treaty between America and Corea was signed. The sum of \$5,000 for Corea was appropriated by the General Missionary Committee at their recent meeting in New York. Information in regard to this country can be obtained by consulting the three cyclopedias—Britannica, Americana, and Appleton's Annual—also Corea, the Hermits Nation," by Wm. Elliott Griffiths.

ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person goes with the finger. The light pressure the fiber is held securely day and night and a real cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. **ONE DOLLAR**.
ROGLSTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

The Family.

THANKSGIVING.

"There is so much to thank Him for."

So much, so much! What if the sky is clouded?
I scream the torrid blaze of summer's heat;
And if the way be rough and fog-enveloped,
It makes the resting at the end more sweet;
The still His sky although it is beclouded,
And 'tis His path though rugged 'neath our feet.

So much, so much—the gold unmix'd with dross,
The pure, strong hearts, the words so true and tried.
Thank Him for that, although I bear some cross,
Yet even those He carries by my side;
I've learned to thank Him even for my losses,
To bless Him even for the good denied.

So much to thank Him for! But ah! the learning
Of faith's sweet lesson was a weary one;
And struggles deep and passion fires' fierce burning,
My soul hath known e'er this sweet hope was won;
But past all earthly hopes to Jesus turning,
I learn at last to say, "Thy will be done!"

I thank Thee, Father, for the love Thou pour'st
Upon my heart no longer desolate;
Thine love's been feeding when my need was sorest,
Thine love, O Father, so content I wait;
So much to thank Thee for—the field, the forest,
The pansies, and the daisies blooming late.

And the pale rue leaves—even these seem holy!
I thank Thee for them, from Thy hand they came;
The sunset-tints, the post-hills lowly,
The cheerful gleaming of the fire's flame,
The stars that love me, and the charm that wholy
Rebuke me at the sound of beauty's name;

The hope that ne'er can die, for aye diffusing
The coming glory's radiance here below;
The leading hand that ne'er its clasp unloos-
ing
Holds fast my own and will not let me go;
No more or unmet longings sadly musing,
For all Thy gifts, O Lord, I thank Thee so!

—Selected.

BISHOP BASCOM.

BY REV. J. L. HARRIS.

(Continued.)

By giving a few reports published at the time the sermons were preached, and a few extracts, or rather a few paragraphs, from some of his discourses, the reader will be able to see how wonderful was his power in preaching—how thrilling its effect upon the people; and also to form some impression of the style and character of his sermons. The first report we give is that of a sermon preached at a camp-meeting near the city of Baltimore, just after the close of the session of the Congress of 1823 and 1824, which he had served as chaplain. Of this effort Dr. Henkle says:—

"At eleven o'clock Mr. Bascom entered the pulpit all trembling with the weight of his fearful responsibility. The very leaves of his hymn-book rattled with the tremor of his hand, while he read his hymn. His theme was the great Gospel commission, and never did even he treat that sublime subject with so much grandeur and power. He had not preached much over half an hour, when every soul in the vast assembly was up and pressing toward the stand, amazed, weeping, and wonder-stricken. The stillness of death reigned, save that, in his momentary pauses, a burst of feeling would break out involuntarily; but the moment he resumed, all was checked and hushed."

Of the same sermon a Baltimore lady gave the following animated description which appeared in one of the city papers:—

"The horn blew, the noise ceased, the gathering crowds dispersed, and each one sought a seat. An awful silence reigned; everything seemed to give magic and grandeur to the scene; the wisdom of heaven was lulled, and scarce a breeze rustled the leaves. Expectation sat on every face, when, lo! the wonder from the West arose. Every eye brightened, and every ear was attentive. Dignity marked his deportment, and intelligence flashed from his keen eye. He appeared like the genius of the forest, whose lowering oaks overshadowed him, and as one who had come to hunt infidelity from the earth, and to extirpate deism forever. Never, perhaps, was there a more magnificent display of oratory. On the meadow and regal dominion of Christ, he was sublimely grand beyond description. His style and language were energetic and vehement—he is like a mighty torrent, impatient of restraint, and rolls with such impetuosity that you are compelled to follow. In his flights he moves with the velocity of a whirlwind; in the same moment he will take you to heaven, and drive you to hell. He triumphantly answered every argument a Paine or a Voltaire could advance; he defied the infidel to trace time and search the chronicles of eternity, and find a parallel to the sacrifice of the Saviour of the world; he bled the philosopher who on contemplation's trembling height, and reason, with her glimmering light, asked—'and what could they do against the Gospel?'"

"Though founded by a Jewish peasant—propagated and handed down by a few fishermen selected from a Galilean shore—yet even these men had shaken imperial Rome to her center, and confounded Greece with all her learning. This Gospel was now riding throughout the world in triumph, and pagan temples of the East were falling, and the mosque of the Mussulmans was crumbling, and the Rose of Sharon should yet bloom in the desert and blossom on the mountains of eternal snow. His description of what a faithful minister ought to be, exceeded even Cowper on Paul. He was to go wherever misery was to be found or man reclaimed; he was to consider this earth as his birthright, the world as his parish, and the universe as his diocese; he was to freeze under the pole of the north, and burn under the line of the south; he was not to shrink from the palace of infidelity, or tremble at the chair of magistracy; for he had the promise of the Saviour, 'And I am with you always.' The words last uttered were responded to by many, and vibrated on the listening multitude—'Glory to God in the highest! Never could he have been more gratified than on that day—hundreds and thousands of people, among whom were beauty and talent, all gazing in mute astonishment at this star from the West, this Kentucky orator, this American Cicero."

Of an address before the New York Bible Society, delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, a religious paper of another church than that of Mr. Bascom gave the following graphic report:—

"Dr. Bascom is one of the choice spirits of the age, and well suited to elevate the public mind in its views of these great benevolent enterprises. His remarks upon the character, genius, principles, and effects of Christianity and the Bible were incomparably eloquent and impressive. At one time we stood in the centre of the great drama of time. In the centre of the broad amphitheatre of Jehovah's creative and providential exhibitions. Language is too feeble to express the vivid conceptions that burst upon my mind, when from this centre he followed the track of the sacred record—the pathway of God from the origin of things. The speaker had philosophy, but he did not defy it. The Bible seemed his great instructor. How forcibly the common incident of biblical record rose into an era under his master touch, none but those who heard him could fully conceive. I stood and gazed upon the canvas which his mighty pencil touched. I looked through the telescope which he held before the eye, and lo! the morning of existence dawned; the cradled universe kindled its infant smile under the anointed gratulations of its Maker; the morning stars began their singing, and the sons of God shouted for joy. He lifted the telescope again, and a boundless eternity was revealed. So bold were his conceptions when he attempted an expression of eternity, and so wide, so vast, was the region that lay expanded before us, that time's epoch dwindled down to brief hour, and the circle of the heavens narrowed to the merest point.

"Yet it was not mere flashing oratory—mere scintillations of a vivid imagination. There was a solidity, a maturity of thought unusual to a mind of his glowing order. While I was gazing upon the scenery thus spread before me, suddenly the 'angel of prophecy' passed me, and it was difficult to continue the impression that I was listening to a description, so much of living reality seemed to invest the whole scenery. The angel of prophecy lifted the curtain of time to come, revelation then shed its brilliant light over the new scene. You might have beheld the hill-tops and mountain brows brilliant with a living splendor, the outline of the future, affording all we need to anticipate, and leaving the intervals to be filled up by the historic pen. Down in the distance of coming ages the gradual developments of prophecy opened before us the angry attacks of infidelity upon the Bible. Her undaunted steps she went on, 'bursting thunders at thrones, and pronouncing the doom of nations;' her splendid achievements, as she rolled on her chariot over a world of broken hearts that throbb'd with the first pulse of real life in the crush; and other mighty doings, then passed in review before us, until the blended voice of the redeemed below and the redeemed above swelled into its highest strains when he said the entranced spirits above would hush their harps and bend from the heavens to listen to the tones of their praise and the hymns of their melody."

Our space will allow us to give but one more extract, which is a paragraph from the sermon entitled, "The Institution and Functions of the Pulpit." This, we think, will give the reader as fair an average of his style as any we could select. Speaking of the grandeur and ultimate success of the Christian ministry, he says:—

"He who hangs the universe on His arm, and feeds its vast family at His table, can, and will, protect and supply them. He who opposes them is like the silly Thersites, shooting his harmless arrow at a thunder-bolt, for they are the heralds of a holier, a sublimer message than ever charmed the ear of earth before; and the idols and ceremonies of every other creed and worship shall be assigned to the custody of neglect, oblivion, and scorn—the moles of their desolate graves, the bats of their desolate temples! And when infidelities lie buried in the grave of years, pitched in the charnel-house of accretion by the millions of disbelievers of their society, the ministry shall receive the homage of ages, and share the admiration of a virtuous universe! Ministers of every creed and name, of every color and clime, are imperceptibly wearing, falling, and dropping into the ranks of Christian enterprise and evangelical reform; and soon will they present an extended front of brilliant bayonets the gates of hell cannot resist! The pulpit has survived the tempest which has covered the ocean of time with shipwreck. It has stood like a column, erect among ruins—an edifice unshaken and undecayed amid the surrounding overthrow of palaces and temples—peering like the magnetic rod, around which the lightning plays, but cannot harm; and the lamp of its glory, as the Pharos of the world, shall live and burn immortal and undimmed."

"It is thus the ministry under God shall spoil principalities and powers, making a show of them openly, as the spoils of battle and the trophies of conquest. Thrones shall crumble and dynasties fall, and altars and temples shall rise to repair the desolation and perpetuate the change! Headed by the great Captain of our salvation, they shall victoriously push the conquests of the Cross from Gethsemane to Calvary, and from the quator to other pole, until the religion of the Bible—the only glory of the pulpit—orbited in the rainbow of her own grandeur, and throned in celestial light, shall hold her culminating point in the heavens, and everywhere shed her redeeming radiance on the evening of the world."

at his side, gave us all a last intelligible look, and then, without a struggle or a groan, breathed his last." Bascom, the prince of pulpit orators, was dead!

"Servant of God, well done!"

Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crown'd at last."

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

The harvest fields are striped of grain;
The late-sown corn is stocked in dun,
And hushed beneath a chilly sun;
The ragged stubble checks the plain.

The hills are desolate and cold,
The maples stand in grim array,
And thro' the forest's muffled gray
The winds of heaven strike the wild.

Yet while the harvest splendors fall,
The grain is sold, the butter made,
And work, and care of crop, and trade
Are put aside with plow and fall.

The bins are filled, the barns are stored,
The orchards robbed of scanty fruit,
And in the garret, churning and mugs,
The thrifty squirrels share the board.

Altho' the drouth was long and sore,
And scorched the field beside the road,
Till half the crop was left unhoed,
Nor aftermath repaid the mow;

Tho' half the rye was winter-killed,
And here the wheat was struck by blight,
Yet all is good in Heaven's sight,
And still the waiting barns are filled.

And still, thro' every empty mow,
Beyond the moment's harsh surprise,
At last a true knowledge lies—
The sense of some essential good.

So, since the harvest moon has waned,
By yonder shining crescent's edge,
Our hands are struck upon a pledge,
And much is lost—and more is gained!

The pilgrim seed has taken root,
Despite the land so hard and gray,
And, flowered to this Thanksgiving Day,
Shall yet bring forth abundant fruit.

—DORA READ GODDARD, in *Congregationalist*.

MISS JERUSHA'S THANKSGIVING PREPARATIONS.

"Jerushy Ketury Wilkinsson, jest look here. Behold the procession! Here comes the whole lot of them Simmonses."

"You don't!" ejaculated Jerusha, hastening to dismount from the chair upon which she was perched while rearranging the shelves of the corner cupboard, and going toward the window through which her sister was peering with dismayed eyes.

"The last one on 'em. And headin' straight for this habitation. Well, it ain't no use groaning. They've got their bundles on their arms, and they're good for a week's stay. That settles it about inviting the minister's folks to dinner a Thanksgiving."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Jerusha, as she stared out of the window with countenance yet more expressive of dismay than her sister's. "I did think we were rid of them for a spell."

"I know you did, Jerushy," answered her sister, rolling up the knitting she had been engaged upon. "And I know it's a cross for you to bear havin' them inconsiderate creatures to do for, jest at a time when you'd lotted on givin' your self a little treat. But bein' it's a cross, it's got to be carried. And no cross 'twer I heerd on was agreeable to nature. I hope you'll have grace, Jerusha, I do indeed, for I'm certain sure you'll need it. They're a turnin' in at the medder lane. They'll be here in a minute or so. If I was you I'd see if the spare chamber was jest so. Then children'd have to be put into Job's room. Go right on up stairs. I'll let 'em in and see to 'em for a spell. No need of your coming down till you're ready. I'll finish the cupboard."

"I never see anybody like Hannah," murmured Jerusha, as she mounted the stairs and sought the spare chamber. "Somehow or another, she sees right into a thing. I do believe I'm tempted of the enemy, for I c'esamov wish them Simmonses at the bottom of the sea. There, now I've said it. I've got to seek forgiveness for it. Well, one thing certain is, I shan't kill old Gobb, not for that crew. They'll have to clean out the spare-ribs and the souse before they take their leave, and I shan't waste no good poultry on 'em. Elviry Simmonses may hint all she likes about Miss Wilkinsson's jam tarts and sweet pickled peaches. She'll get neither one nor the other. I do know as I'm called upon to do."

"Use hospitality without grudging," "The mercy to me!" she cried in a startled voice, as just at this point in her monologue the good woman's eyes fell upon the text in bold letters on the "Daily Food" that hung upon the spare chamber wall. "Who ever did dream that thing? I declare it was 'Watch and pray' the last time I was in this chamber, and there hasn't a soul put foot in here since. If the days of signs and wonders and miracles wasn't past and gone, I'd be tempted to say—"

But just what Miss Jerusha would have been tempted to say was never known, for at that moment the door that she had left open behind her was shut with a bang, and the puff of air caused thereby blew far out the hanging alps, and down came the page next in order, with this text: "The Lord is thy keeper."

"So that's the miracle," said Miss Jerusha; "well, I must say that text being there when, as I could see, it had no way of getting there, did give me a turn." Then, drawing in her breath as if some recurring pang had made itself felt, she turned to the blue counterpane bed in the corner of the room, and began to re-arrange its furnishings for the unwelcome guests.

"H'mph!" she ejaculated presently, and again, in a moment, "H'mph!" "It's no use," she blurted out at the third "H'mph!" "That text sticks in my throat. It wa'n't whopped over there for naught. It didn't come there by chance. It was decreed."

Miss Jerusha was a staunch Presbyterian, and had been, as it were, weaned from the age of her infancy, according to it was but second-nature for her to fortify herself in her avowed belief by repeating from the catechism, in emphatic tones: "The decrees of God are His eternal purpose, according to the counsel of His will, whereby He has ordained His path of sovereignty, and His own glory. He hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass." When she had done this, she sat down on the side of the bed, and set the case in array before her.

"Now this has come to pass, that just as I was about to set about with cheerful zeal her Thanksgiving preparations," said Mary E. C. Wyeth, in *Advocate*.

"The minister's folks are no ways agreeable to nature, and it's just makin' a heave offerin' of life to have them around, let alone bein' compelled to forego the pious pleasure of entertainin' Thy servants the minister on Thanksgiving, on account of their forewarnin' in askin' themselves where they weren't invited."

Here Miss Jerusha stopped short in her prayer. A thought flashed into her mind. "Go be merciful to me, a sinner!" she said to herself as she slowly went down stairs. "If I never had nothin' beyond to be thankful for this year that's past and gone, I've got somethin' now. For who'd a thought that the vicarious at the patience that the minister's folks had been to the glory of God in leadin' Jabez to consider on the Lord's ways? That Daily Food didn't whop over for nothin'. The big gobble and two fat pullets that was dished up for Thanksgiving with sweet pickled peaches a plenty, and Elviry and the young ones shall have their fill of jam tarts. There'll be no scrimpin' nor scowlin' at Thanksgiving. The Lord's name be praised!"

And in true thankful spirit Miss Jerusha set down to her Thanksgiving preparations.

she had only killed six turkeys when he heard the supper-bell rang out of the window at the night. He juggled them up to the kitchen door, washed his hands at the pump, and, by no means in a gentle humor, went in to supper.

"Well, Dan," said Grandma, putting an extra spoonful of sugar in his cup, "did you get through?"

"No'm," he said, in a very injured tone; "not half through. I only killed six."

"Six!" said Grandma Riley and set down the cup and saucer. There was a blank silence, while an uncomfortable suspicion began to dawn upon absent-minded Dan.

"Grandpa said I was to kill all your turkeys, without askin' any questions," he said, presently; and then grandpa roared out laughing, and laughed and laughed until his grandma herself had to join in. Dan was still at it when Prue rushed in with the overwhelming statement that there were six "kilt" turkeys at the kitchen door.

Her chances for scolding Dan's grandma spoiled by all this laughing, Grandma Riley took the fact of the six turkeys very quietly.

"Taint often you make me a present, mother," said the old farmer, "and I want one of them turkeys for Jim Cooley's family."

"Grandma, can't I have one for Ike Paxton's mother?" said Dan, conscious of a guilty thought that this might buy off his conscience about that costing business.

"Oh, go 'long," said grandma; "but you needn't ask for 'other, 'cause Prue is a-goin' to fetch it to her old uncle. And now come 'long and help me and Prue to pick them six turkeys, Dan!"

Next afternoon Dan and Dobbin went around getting rid of those turkeys. But giving is a very spreading sort of thing. When Dan got to Mrs. Paxton's he had almost forgotten his old broken sled, and he and Ike laid their plans for double riding on the Rainbow.

The spreading did not stop there. That was the gayest Thanksgiving the Rileys had ever known. The story of the six turkeys was told, amid shouts of happy laughter, and when it had quieted down, John's wife said:—

"Sister Caroline, while we come home to eat mother's turkey, I think we might kill our own for somebody that hasn't any. And they made the bargain between them."

When Grandma Riley was covering the bed-room fire for the night, grandma shook her head at him from the pillows, and said, in the tone of one who quells an enemy:—

"You needn't say a word, old man, I mean to kill six turkeys every Thanksgiving as long as I live!"—*Independent*.

How to Kill a Prayer Meeting.

1. Forget all about it until the hour arrives.

2. Come ten minutes late, and sit near the door.

3. Drag the music. Slow, painfully slow singing is so appropriate for a dead prayer-meeting.

4. When the meeting is begun, wait for others to speak and pray.

5. When you do take part, occupy about twenty minutes.

6. Be sure and bewail the low spiritual condition of the church.

7. When the meeting closes, go out as from a funeral. You can speak with your brethren or the stranger at some other time and place.

8. If you mention the meeting during the week, tell how dull it was.

If this does not kill the prayer-meeting, it will away entirely for six months or a year.

God can make the grief a grace, the burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The red itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very thing that chastens us shall present beauty and fruit.

The project of starting a new religious weekly in this city, which was under consideration for some time by some of our brethren of the Congregational faith, has been decided in the negative, and the efforts of its projectors are to be joined with those of the managers of the *Christian Union*, in making that valuable journal still more attractive and useful.

The *Youth's Companion* promises its readers a new poem written by Tennyson expressly for its columns.

The office of publication of *Our Continent* has been moved from Philadelphia to New York. This first class illustrated literary weekly has secured a stable and well-deserved footing among the best of our illustrated periodicals. Its removal to the metropolis is another evidence of a prosperity in which we wish it a rapid and continued increase.

Harper & Bros. will publish in book form "The Bread-Winners," the successful serial now appearing in the *Century*.

A new story by F. W. Robinson, entitled, "The Man She Cared For," is just begun in *Harper's Bazar*.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish a volume of "Luther's Hymns," thirty-six in number, with music from the best sources, text in German and English, and an introduction and copious notes by Rev. Leonard Bacon, compiler of the volume.

Tourgnefort's "Poems in Prose," with a portrait frontispiece and an introduction, are announced by Cupples, Upham & Co.

Pickwick & Co., of Philadelphia, have in press a *Critical Bibliography of the Greek New Testament*, as published in America, by Prof. I. H. Hall, with two facsimiles.

The Home Library, by Arthur Penn, just published by D. Appleton & Co., contains just the hints needed by every one who wishes to make a scrap-book, keep a diary, write out a family record, make a small book-case, or begin a collection of books; and these hints embody the results of wide experience and the best judgment of experts.

"Standard Time" and "Monroe's Administrations" are the topics indexed in the *Monthly Reference Lists* for October.

Charles Scribner's Sons will shortly publish, "Among the Holy Hills," a new work on Palestine, by Dr. H. M. Field.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published a *Handbook of English Authors*, by Oscar Fay Adams, to be followed by a "Handbook of American Authors," by the same author. Longfellow's "Michael Angelo" is to be issued as a holiday book with a wealth of fine illustrations.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish the American edition of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's "Stories of American History."

J. M. Stoddard, of Philadelphia, announces the first volume of the "Encyclopaedia Americana," uniform in size with the large English edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," to which it will make a companion set.

There is one thing that can be said of our new city, which cannot be told of many—there is not an open bar to be found, nor any whiskey vendors. The police have so far made the law regulating the introduction of liquor most effectual. Not only is the man who sells

The Little Folks.

PUMPKIN PIE.

A Ballad of Thanksgiving Day.

At the table mother
Making pumpkin pies,
Bridget stuffing turkey
Of enormous size;
While standing near them
Hardly thinks of play,
Watching preparations
For Thanksgiving Day.

"Wish we'd have Thanksgiving,"
Says he, by and by,
"Every day till summer!"
Mother makes reply:
"Where would then be Christmas,
New Year, birthday, too?
No day for your presents!"

"What would Willie do?"
Where would be the school-days?
You'd never learn leech,
Welcome, dear, with gladness,
Each day in its turn."

Willie scarcely listens;
He's not very wise;
He can think of nothing
But those pumpkin pies.

Safe within the pantry
Pies are put away,
Ready for the dinner
On Thanksgiving Day.
Mother now and Bridget
Go to sweep the house,
Willie stays behind them;

Then like a wren he comes
Goes inside the closet—
Quickly, for he must
Lest he be seen by others—
Cuts a piece of crust;
Next begins a-tasting
Of the pumpkin, too.

Hark! a footstep's coming!
What shall Willie do?
Up he catches pussy
Who is standing by,
Calls out, "Here is pussy
Eating pumpkin pie!"

At the kitchen bridge
Rushes with a stick;
Mother hears the mew-ing,
Rings in pretty quick—
"Bridget, you're mistaken,
Spare the pussy's life,
Saw you ever kitten
Eating with a knife?"

Much I fear our Willie
Is the little thief.
Bridget looks astonished,
Mother's filled with grief,
"Oh, my little Willie,
Stealing! tsk! tsk! tsk!
You can't taste to-morrow
Any pumpkin pies!"

Naughty little Willie!
Thursday brings no joy;
Sad are both the parents
For their little thief!

For their little thief!
Let us hope he'll find him,
If he should be living,
Penitent and happy
On the next Thanksgiving.

—*Intelligencer*.

SIX THANKSGIVING TURKEYS.

Dan Riley was eating his breakfast. Strange to say, he wasn't thinking much about the buckwheat cakes and honey this morning, though grandma always said breakfast was the only time Dan was not absent-minded. She had known him to go to school without his hat, and to go to bed in his boots, and leave his candle burning all night, and forget to mail a letter for a week; but he never failed, grandma would say, with a funny twinkle, to hear Prue's step at the door, and was always there to meet her and bring in the hot cakes.

But to-day he was having a debating society with himself, and was so much interested in the discussion that he didn't even know how many cakes he was getting away with.

It was two days before Thanksgiving. There was a fine snow on the ground and Dan had no sled like Paxton, his chum, had no sled and no time to make one (it was all like's mother could do to spare him school times, and almost more than she could do to feed and clothe him) and the other three boys (other times) should be let the coast when he Thanksgiving, when all the fellows met on Big Spring Hill—for, of course, even Ike would have been Thanksgiving holiday? Or should he give him his old piece of a sled, that wouldn't go straight and would certainly go to smash the first time it struck against a tree?

Meantime, grandma was interviewing grandpa about her Thanksgiving dinner. Son John was going to drive over in his big sleigh, with wife and six children, and daughter Caroline would bring her family to dinner; "And I am determined to cook two turkeys," said this old lady, as fiercely as if somebody were going to oppose her.

"Very well," said Farmer Riley, smiling. "You don't say nothing 'bout how many ears of corn Dobbin gets two turkeys."

"And that ain't all," continued grandma, still defying an imaginary opposer. "I want another one killed for Wilder Aldrich. Don't you think, father, when I asked her, at Miss Rogers's quilting, whether she put chopped parsley in her turkey gravy, she said she hadn't had a turkey to cook for so long she most forgot. I just made up my mind that minute that I'd kill three turkeys, 'stead of two, this Thanksgiving."

"All right, old woman," said the farmer, finishing off his breakfast with a glass of fresh buttermilk. "Better have 'em killed 'fore night and hung up. Do you hear, Dan? If granny wants all her turkeys killed, don't you ask no questions. Just go ahead and do it."

"And Dan," said grandma, "don't be too late in gettin' at it."

Dan was busy picturing himself alone in his glory, dashing down Big Spring Hill on the "Rainbow" and trying to persuade himself that to a fellow who had no sled an old, rickety trap would seem a very fine affair. He didn't take in very clearly what was expected of him, but contented himself with a vague assurance that he was to kill all grandma's turkeys and ask no questions.

He thought he was beginning his job pretty early that evening; but the November twilight seemed very short, and

he had only killed six turkeys when he heard the supper-bell rang out of the window at the night. He juggled them up to the kitchen door, washed his hands at the pump, and, by no means in a gentle humor, went in to supper.

"Well, Dan," said Grandma, putting an extra spoonful of sugar in his cup, "did you get through?"

"No'm," he said, in a very injured tone; "not half through. I only killed six."

"Six!" said Grandma Riley and set down the cup and saucer. There was a blank silence, while an uncomfortable suspicion began to dawn upon absent-minded Dan.

"Grandpa said I was to kill all your turkeys, without askin' any questions," he said, presently; and then grandpa roared out laughing, and laughed and laughed until his grandma herself had to join in. Dan was still at it when Prue rushed in with the overwhelming statement that there were six "kilt" turkeys at the kitchen door.

Her chances for scolding Dan's grandma spoiled by all this laughing, Grandma Riley took the fact of the six turkeys very quietly.

"Taint often you make me a present, mother," said the old farmer, "and I want one of them turkeys for Jim Cooley's family."

"Grandma, can't I have one for Ike Paxton's mother?" said Dan, conscious of a guilty thought that this might buy off his conscience about that costing business.

"Oh, go 'long," said grandma; "but you needn't ask for 'other, 'cause Prue is a-goin' to fetch it to her old uncle. And now come 'long and help me and

ZION'S HERALD

For the Year 1884.

LET THE CANVASS COMMENCE AT ONCE.

The paper will be sent from October 1st the remainder of the year free to all new subscribers, making fifteen months for one subscription.

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When the full amount of the subscription price (\$2.50) is received, their paper will be credited to January 1, 1884.

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A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

For several weeks past our readers have doubtless noticed that the Herald has been pasted and cut, giving the reader access to all its pages without unfolding and re-folding the paper.

Every column is accessible to the eye of the reader by simply turning over the leaves. As this change is attended with some expense, we do not care to continue it unless our readers prefer it. It will be a gratification to know what they think about it, hence we would ask all who feel an interest in the change to drop us a postal expressing their preference in the matter, whether for or against it.

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, November 20.

A reception was tendered to Bishop Foster, of the Methodist Church, in Jacob Steeper Hall, last evening.

The Pope has instructed the Catholic bishops in Ireland to counsel the people to act in accordance with the measures of the government.

The paying teller of the Wall-street National Bank of New York was yesterday indicted for the over-certification of checks.

M. Challemeil-Lacour has resigned the position of minister of foreign affairs in the French cabinet, and M. Ferry has been appointed his successor. M. Fallieres succeeds M. Ferry as minister of public instruction.

Wednesday, November 21.

Work on the Washington monument will cease next Saturday for the winter. It has reached a height of 410 feet.

Joseph Poole, the Irish informer, was convicted at Dublin yesterday of the murder of John Kenna, and sentenced to death.

The retention of a substantial British garrison in Egypt is demanded as essential to the interests of civilization.

Sir Charles William Siemens, the English electrician and inventor, died in London yesterday, from a rupture of the heart, caused by a fall, aged 63 years.

Thursday, November 22.

The license of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine to do business in Massachusetts has been revoked by Commissioner Tarbox.

The Humiston Food-Preserving Company has made an assignment.

James Davis, secretary of the London and San Francisco Bank, has absconded, and it is reported that he has embezzled \$50,000.

Fifty-five lives and 60 vessels were lost in the recent gales on the great lakes.

The French brig Vocaberg of St. Pierre, Miquelon, was sunk in mid-ocean on the 13th ult., and 88 lives were lost. Twenty-one persons were saved by an American vessel.

Ex-Senator Spencer has been arrested at Austin, Nevada, for contempt of court in not appearing as a witness in the star-case.

Heavy rains have prevailed at Indianapolis, Ind., since Tuesday, and it is estimated that the consequent damage to property in that city will reach \$250,000. In the vicinity of Vincennes, hundreds of houses are flooded.

Friday, November 23.

James Russell Lowell was yesterday elected rector of St. Andrews University, Scotland.

The destruction of Hicks Pacha's army by the forces of the False Prophet, near El Obaid, is announced by dispatch from Cairo.

There has been a crisis and change in the Peruvian ministry.

Saturday, November 24.

Railway travel in Indiana is greatly impeded in consequence of the recent rains.

Bolivia has decided to treat for peace with Chili.

The Crown Prince of Germany arrived at Madrid yesterday.

Two steamers collided on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, yesterday, and twenty passengers were drowned.

Robert Murray, chief medical officer at Gen. Hancock's headquarters, New York harbor, has been appointed surgeon-general of the army.

Monday, November 26.

There was a \$100,000 fire in the Evans glass factory at Pittsburgh, Penn., yesterday.

Sergeant Mason, who shot at Guitau, has been pardoned by President Arthur.

Evacuation day is celebrated in New York to-day.

Eden Colville has been reappointed governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and the Earl of

Dunraven has been made deputy governor in place of Sir John Rose.

The French forces have obtained a victory over the Chinese at Haid-Zueng.

The holding works of the Summer Mining Company at Caliente, Cal., were destroyed by fire on Saturday; loss \$750,000.

LIBRARY FURNITURE and Book Cases of entirely New Design of beautiful finish have just been placed in the warehouses of Paine's, 48 Canal Street, Boston, and illustrated price list of many of these can be had by mail.

A PURCHASE of rug from John H. Pray, Sons & Co. is both time and money well spent.

A RELIABLE CLOCK is an article of necessity to all. Such can be found in the large and elegant stock at Bigelow & Kennard, 511 Washington Street, Boston.

[From Rev. J. H. M. Leland, Amherst, Mass.] Messrs. LeBosquet Bros., Boston, Mass.—The Steam-Heater, No. 3, you put in for me last summer has been tested quite thoroughly the past winter. You can send the heater where you desire it, irrespective of wind or weather. The heat generated is for me more genial and agreeable than that of the Hot-Air Furnace. There is entire freedom from gas and dust. I therefore prefer your Steam Heater on the ground of economy. For these reasons, as well as for its simplicity and ease of management, I recommend it to any one desiring a good heater.

Colorado Springs and Manitou have had a hotel registration of sixty thousand the past year. The local physicians think the winter season more favorable to invalids than the summer. Any persons contemplating a Colorado trip for the winter may find account for December third, by applying at office to No. 1 Somerset Street, Room 9.

The new American Minister to Persia, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, is writing articles descriptive of that country for the *Youth's Companion*. That paper is represented at the seat of war at Tougouin by the famous correspondent of the New York Herald, Col. W. H. Gilder.

TO INVESTORS.—Owing to a temporary rise of interest rates, D. S. B. Johnston & Son are able to offer 8 per cent. till January 1st, 1884. See their advertisement in another column.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness, every Monday, at 2:30 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall.

CONFERENCE. PLACE. TIME. BISHOP. New England, " 2, Foster N. E. South, N. Bedford, Mass., " 3, Foster N. Hampshire, Manchester, N. H., " 4, Simpson Vermont, Montpelier, Vt., " 16, Simpson East Maine, Camden, Me., " 16, Harris Maine, Bath, Me., " 16, Foster

NOTICE.—The ladies of the church and congregation will hold a Fair in the vestry of the Harvard Avenue M. E. Church, Alston, Dec. 4, 5, 6, and 7, afternoon and evening. This Fair is to raise money towards paying the debt which now burdens the church. They earnestly appeal to all people to aid in the worthy cause. Favor us with your presence.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE HOPE ST. M. E. CHURCH, Providence, R. I., will be celebrated Jan. 1, 1884. Any former members or others having items of interest connected with the history of this church will confer a favor by sending them to the pastor, THOMAS J. EVERETT, 6 East St., Providence, R. I.

RE-DEDICATION.—The M. E. Church at Rockland, Me., will be re-dedicated Nov. 29, with the following programme: Love-feast, at 9 a. m.; by Rev. S. S. Arty, P. E. of Rockland; Sermon, at 10:30 a. m., by Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of Boston. Sermon, at 2:30 p. m., by Dr. H. W. Bolton, of Boston. Following the sermon will be the dedication exercises. Sermon, at 7:30 p. m., by Dr. J. O. Knowles. Send us a word, brethren, that you are coming, and the "dinner will be ready."

C. A. SOUTHWARD.

NOTICE.—The friends of the M. E. Church in Derry, N. H., will be glad to learn that the audience room of the church which has been closed for regular service for seven years has been renovated and refitted, and will be dedicated to the service and worship of God on Friday afternoon, Nov. 30. Services at 2 and 7:30 p. m. Sermon at 2 p. m., by Dr. J. A. M. Chapman. All former pastors and friends are invited.

M. HOWARD, Pastor.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

PORTLAND DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

DECEMBER. 1 and 2 a. m., Falmouth. 21 p. m., Bartlett & N. Con. 2 p. m., Cumberland. 22 p. m., Conway. 3 p. m., Bowers B. 23, Fryeburg, Stone, etc. 9 p. m., and 10, etc. G. Fryeburg. E. D. & Knightville. 29 and 30, Standish, No. 15 and 16, a. m., Biddeford. Buxton, Gorham, North 15, p. m., Saco. St., at Buxton.

JANUARY. 4, eve, Saco Ferry. 19 and 20, a. m., Alfred. 5 and 6, a. m., Old Orchard. 20 p. m., Goodwin's Mills. 1 p. m., West Scarborough. 25, Hiram. 11 p. m., Standish. 26 and 27, Kears Falls. 12 and 13, a. m., Newfield. Cornish, Baldwin & Hills, eve, Hollis. 14, ram, at Kears Falls. 15, p. m., Oak Ridge.

FEBRUARY. 2 and 3, a. m., Kitz's Ch. 21 p. m., Kennebunk. 3 p. m., " 24 " 27, eve, Port. Pine St. 28 and 29, a. m., Kenne- 23, eve, " Con. St. bunk depot.

MARCH. 1 and 2, a. m., Gorham. 13, eve, South Berwick. 2 p. m., and 3, Saco- 15, p. m., Portland, West 14, eve, " Village. 5, eve, Portland, Chest- 16 p. m., and 17, Ferry 18, eve, " Village. 8 and 9, a. m., Elliot. 19, eve, Chebeague. 10 p. m., Elliot. 22 and 23, a. m., Kenne- 11, eve, York. 24, eve, Chebeague. 11 p. m., Maryland Ridge 25 p. m., Cape Porpoise. 12, eve, Chebeague. 26 p. m., Portland, Island & Ogunquit. 27, p. m., Portland. 12, eve, Berwick. 29 and 30, Woodford. C. J. CLARK.

AUGUSTA DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

DECEMBER. 8, 9, Fayette. 22, 23, Oakland & Sidney. 16, 17, North Livermore. 29, 30, Wayne & N. Wayne. (Remainder soon.) A. W. POTTELL.

NOTICE.—Regular monthly meeting of "Alpha Chapter," next Monday, Dec. 3, at 1:30 p. m., at Jacob Steeper Hall. Critique by Prof. Mitchell, of the School of Theology. Essay by W. H. Haven. Notice the exceptionally early hour.

J. H. EMMERSON, Sec.

NOTICE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board of the Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held Monday, Dec. 3, at 1 p. m., in the Wesleyan Building, Broad Street, Boston.

A. W. JOHNSON, Rec. Sec.

Marriages.

SMITH—MCNEIL.—In Hull, Mass., Oct. 16, by Rev. S. Beebe, Frederick Smith and Miss Elizabeth McNeil, both of H.

FREEMAN—WABERN.—In Union, Me., Oct. 18, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. Thos. R. Pennington, Allen H. Stone, of H., and Miss Mattie F. Butler, of U.

FRYE—ATWOOD.—In Chelsea, Oct. 25, by Rev. L. B. Bates, assisted by Rev. S. L. Gracy, Chas. D. Fye, of Boston, and Miss Mattie C. Atwood, of Chelsea.

CHILD—HALL.—In Cambridge, by Rev. L. B. Bates, assisted by Rev. S. L. Gracy, Chas. D. Fye, of Boston, and Miss Anna E. Hall, both of C.

KINNEAR—STOVER.—At the parsonage in W. Haverhill, Sept. 6, Wm. W. Kinnear and Ann M. Stover, both of W. H.

HILL—WHITNEY.—In Dorchester, Oct. 19, Horace A. Hill, of Buxton, Me., and Miss Emily Whitney, of G.

PREEMAN—ALEXANDER.—In Rockport, Oct. 15, by the name, Charles T. Freeman and Miss Dora F. Alexander, both of Camden.

STONE—COLEGE.—In Berlin, Oct. 13, at the residence of the bridegroom, by Rev. E. Burleigh, Henry A. Stone, of H., and Miss Mattie F. Colege, of Hudson.

DUNHAM—ANDERSON.—In Rockport, Me., Oct. 15, by Rev. W. F. Chase, George F. Dunham and Miss Kate M. Anderson, both of Warren.

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